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## THE MANCHESTER BANQUET.

LORD DERBY has thoroughly deserved the splendid welcome and hearty reception which he met with in Manchester. He has done very well for the Conservatives, and they have done very well for him; and when he and his party meet in a solemn and public way, it is natural that they should congratulate themselves very warmly on their present position. If they seem to outsiders to have abandoned all their principles and changed all their opinions rather suddenly, that is their affair. They have managed to carry a Reform Bill of a very sweeping kind, and those who approve of the measure can cordially admit that they are entitled to praise each other for carrying it. A large portion—much too large, as we venture to think—of Lord DERBY's speech was spent in adding one more to the numerous histories of Reform which we have so often had offered to us this year; and, like every other of these histories told by a political partisan and adapted to suit a political purpose, Lord DERBY's history was very far from accurate. The historian of the future will be a very curious historian if he adopts Lord DERBY's version of the story as gospel. In the face of the debates of last year, and of the frantic cheers with which Mr. LOWE was received by Lord DERBY's supporters, he will have to say, as Lord DERBY says, that the Conservatives were this year perfectly consistent in advocating a far more sweeping measure than that which they then denounced. In spite of the famous Ten Minutes' Bill, he will have to record that the Conservative Ministry were always dead against anything like a 6l. rental suffrage. And after telling the curious narrative of the Resolutions, of the Ten Minutes' Bill, of the Plurality voting, and of the struggle over the Compound Householder, he will have to endorse Lord DERBY's statement that the peculiar merit of this Ministry was that they knew precisely what the House of Commons wished for. All this part of Lord DERBY's speech belonged to the mythological department of political after-dinner speeches. He got on to much safer ground when he began to speculate on the consequences of the Bill; for no one can disprove or deny that such general assertions as that, in the matter of Reform, "boldness was safety," may very likely be correct. Lord STANLEY went much further. He prophesied that the Reform Bill would be the source of great changes in law, education, and administration, and that these changes would be of a salutary kind. If so, the exertions of Reformers have been amply justified, and the leap in the dark is going to land us in a very good place. With the passing of the Reform Bill a great alteration has, it may be remarked, taken place in the language held with reference to the Parliament that now exists. Lord DERBY did, indeed, praise the present House of Commons for its anxiety to benefit and help the poor; but, if he shares the opinions of Lord STANLEY, he must consider that this anxiety, however meritorious, was capable of doing very little good. If a Parliament of a different character is likely to make changes of a very desirable and necessary kind in all the most important branches of Government, and if these changes were beyond the wishes or competence of a House elected as the present House has been elected, then it was surely high time that the present House, with its vague wishes for benevolence and justice, should be gently removed out of the way. It is obvious that either Lord STANLEY was right, or the Reform Bill was a gigantic mistake. Lord DERBY's view of the Reform Bill seems to be that it was a device to please weekly labourers, and that, by a strange bit of good luck, they could be contented without the nation suffering. This is a very poor reason for altering the whole Constitution of the country. The Reform Bill of this year can only be justified if it produces positive good effects which, so far as can be calculated, could not have been produced without it.

After "cooking" the history of Reform till it had got the flavour and shape most agreeable to his audience, and indulging in a few safe and vague anticipations, Lord DERBY passed on to give the working-classes two pieces of advice. He spoke fully and earnestly on both topics, and all that he said had the air of coming from a man who was thoroughly convinced that he had something very important to say, and was glad of an opportunity of saying it publicly and distinctly. The first piece of advice to the working-classes was that they should have nothing to do with Trades' Unions, and the second piece of advice to them was that they should not send to Parliament designing and deceitful men pretending to be their special representatives. There is a sense in which both these pieces of advice are perfectly sound; but unless advice is given with a thorough knowledge of the subject-matter, and with a clear perception of the counter arguments that can be used, it is generally worse than useless. Working-men will find it very hard to profit by Lord DERBY's advice, for they will find it very hard to understand what he really meant. He warned them to beware of Trades' Unions, and he explained that he was not thinking of the atrocities of Sheffield or Manchester so much as of Trades' Unions altogether, excepting so far as they were mere charitable institutions. He invited poor men to take the advice of their wives before they resorted to strikes, and to picture all the evils which they and their families were likely to encounter. But then Lord DERBY also said that, in his opinion, Trades' Unions are "useful, salutary instruments for maintaining the rights of the labouring-classes"; and he took a pride in having himself altered the law so that workmen might combine not to work under a certain amount of wages. This is only another name for a strike; so that all that Lord DERBY had to say was, that strikes were a very excellent means of maintaining the rights of workmen, and had often been practically successful, but that the workmen must remember that a strike was always a risk, and if it failed, the penalties were most serious, and fell with sad force on women and children. What workman that thinks of joining a strike does not know this? The problem which the working-man has to solve is, whether the chance of what Lord DERBY calls "maintaining his rights" successfully is great enough to justify him in running the risk for himself and his family. This is a purely practical question, and general advice cannot help a man at all. In the same way, when the working-men are cautioned against being the dupes of designing men who affect to represent their special interests, the advice is good where the adjectives are justified. But the whole issue must practically turn on the preliminary question whether, in any particular case, the adjectives are justified. Would Lord DERBY undertake to warn the working-classes against honest men who really understand the wishes and feel for the wants of the poor? Perhaps Lord DERBY, if asked to explain, would have said that what he meant was to warn the working-classes against electing men who were the special representatives of their class, and their class only. Theoretically, it is perhaps desirable that every member of Parliament should be without class feeling, and should represent the varied interests of the whole nation. But practically this is a state of things very unlike what has ever been seen in an English Parliament. More especially it has been the immemorial custom in the counties to return men who represent the special class of landowners. The ordinary county member is ready to take a languid interest in general affairs, but he is stung into a fit of real energy if Free Trade threatens to lower rents, or if his cows seem likely to die without some one else paying for them. That the working-men of towns will do, except very occasionally, what the landowners of counties have done habitually, and elect special representatives of their class, does not appear to us very likely; but it cannot be seriously supposed that, if they

wish to do this, they will be stopped by the entreaties of a great landowner not to imitate the example of himself and all his friends.

Lord DERBY cannot escape from the atmosphere in which he was brought up. He belongs by birth and training to that portion of society which considers itself—very justly perhaps—not only entitled, but bound, to lecture the poor. And just as the country parson thinks that his sermons, if not quite so new or eloquent or stirring as might be wished, are yet quite good enough for his hearers, and that in fact anything which a kind, good gentleman takes the trouble to say must have its value for agricultural labourers, so Lord DERBY thinks that any advice of an honest and well-meaning kind that he gives to the working-classes of England will do very tolerably well. He need not bother himself to go very deeply into the subjects on which he addresses them, or to work out puzzling questions which it is probable will never occur to them. And it is quite true that advice which in itself is not very valuable may be welcomed if it comes from a Prime Minister, and if it is given, as Lord DERBY's advice was given, in a friendly and courteous way. It is much that so great a person should feel for the poor, even if, as is natural, he should be too busy to think for them. Still it was not undesirable, in order to promote the general effectiveness of the meeting, that the speeches should have closed with a few words of indisputable common sense from Lord STANLEY. One of the most habitual sufferers among the Ministerial "nine-pins," Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, had ventured at the beginning of the evening to speak in a very cheery way of the Abyssinian expedition, as if it were a very pleasant, easy, and interesting undertaking. Of course Lord STANLEY bowled him over with as little mercy as Mr. DISRAELI used last Session to bowl over the bold NORTHOTE and the brave ADDELEY. He explained that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON was not speaking his real thoughts, but that he was only playing at being a soldier, and talking military shop in his capacity of Secretary-of-War. As Lord STANLEY justly observed, the Abyssinian expedition is at best an unfortunate necessity. We can gain nothing by affecting to like it. Lord STANLEY does much more to recommend it to the public by speaking of it soberly, than if he tried to persuade us that it was not a nuisance to have to send British troops into an unknown region in order to get back captives out of the hands of a savage. We are in for it, and must do the best we can, but that is all that can be said. Lord STANLEY touched on a much more agreeable topic when he assured his hearers that the relations of England with the United States are gradually becoming easier and pleasanter; and there were probably many of his hearers at a Manchester dinner who thought this the best thing they had heard during the whole evening.

#### THE ROMAN INSURRECTION.

THE desultory war which is now raging upon the Papal territory, almost to within sight of the Vatican, must inevitably, in the course of the next few days, lead to political events of absorbing interest. It is useless to attempt, with the conflicting evidence before us, to construct a topographical theory as to the position or the plans of the invaders; and while all accounts that reach this country come through the hands of keen and by no means veracious partisans, the exact progress of the rebellion cannot be ascertained. It is, however, clear that the insurgents are being hourly reinforced by thousands of Italian volunteers, belonging to every rank and profession, who flock across the Roman frontier in such numbers as to render the Italian army powerless to prevent them; and what was at first a revolt has become at last almost an invasion. To what extent the inhabitants of the provinces have shown sympathy with the steadily advancing Garibaldian wave it is not easy to discover. Those who know what the peasants of a Roman country district are will scarcely think it worth while discussing their political proclivities; but the *Moniteur* and other Catholic journals are probably correct in their assertion that, in some of the villages, the lower orders have been profuse in professions of contingent loyalty to their priests. It is admitted on all sides that the POPE's troops have fought with valour and resolution, though the successes they have as yet obtained seem in almost every case to have been due to their possession of artillery. As yet they have been able to maintain a firm front, without weakening the garrison that occupies and overawes Rome; but the flood of invaders closing in upon the Roman plain will before long compel the POPE's generals either to evacuate the provinces, or to loosen their hold upon the capital. It is for this critical moment that the local Roman leaders are probably

waiting; but the inaction and apparent supineness of the metropolis, though evidently part of a concerted scheme, must, if prolonged, prove a source of grave political danger to the cause of Italy and Rome.

That the Kingdom of Italy has arrived at a terrible and formidable crisis is evident to all its well-wishers. At such a time it makes a great deal of difference to a country like Italy whether it enters on its political ordeal with clean hands, or whether it has laid itself open to imputations of knavery and ill-faith. The POPE and his Ministers, with the whole Ultramontane press of France at their back, have been loudly accusing the Florence Government of a cowardly trick; and the tone of the semi-official French papers of the last few days is full of discourteous insinuation. This movement, say the Catholic journals, is not an insurrection, but an invasion, perpetrated under the very eye of Italian troops. Railways convey to a convenient distance from the frontier in open daylight hundreds of unambiguous patriots chanting Garibaldian hymns; all Italy is alive with subscriptions and enlistments; and even the arrest of General GARIBALDI has made scarcely any perceptible difference to his cause. And perhaps it is true that almost the only Italians not privy or consenting to the great Garibaldian movement are the King of ITALY, his Ministers, and their subordinates. Every other man on the boulevards, at the theatres, or in the *cafés*, though he may have sworn no oath, joined no league, and been initiated into no designs, is at heart a conspirator. The answer of the Florence Government to this is very simple and straightforward. They reply that it is too true. All Italy is in a state of uncontrollable agitation; and this is why the Government, with 60,000 men on the Roman frontier, can do so little. To blockade every inch of frontier round the Papal State is impossible. Italy has neither money nor men to do so, and no international obligation exists to compel her to attempt what is above her powers. And wherever there is a gap in the military cordon, volunteers swarm in, as Cardinal ANTONELLI himself has said, like locusts. But the Florence Cabinet further go on to say, and to say with force, what, as far as France is concerned, appears an unanswerable argument. At the time of the September Convention, the Italian Government warned the French EMPEROR that this would happen. They told him how strong the passion for Rome was, and how irresistible it would become if once there was a Roman rising; and though they promised not to connive at any Garibaldian raid, they positively declined to guarantee the immunity of the Papal frontier. It is said that the French Government, in answer to these candid warnings, admitted the justice of the Italian view. All that it required was that the Florence Cabinet should do its best; and if, after all its efforts, the popular feeling should prove too strong for it, the French Foreign Office confessed that no blame could attach to VICTOR EMMANUEL. What was then foreseen has at last happened. The Ministry have arrested, in the last fortnight alone, more than two thousand would-be volunteers upon suspicion. No arms or ammunition, except in insufficient quantities, have been even smuggled across their frontier, and it is due to the frank good faith of Italy that, in every encounter with the Papal Zouaves, the volunteers turn out to have been so badly provided with firearms. Had Italy chosen to play fast and loose with her given word, it is not likely she would have left half of the revolutionary army with no better weapon than a pike. The RATTAZI Ministry declare that, in order to preserve the POPE's frontier, they have even risked the security of their own King's throne. They can and will do no more; and they beg France to remember that, if the newly-founded monarchy in Italy were to tolerate a second French intervention, monarchical institutions in the peninsula would not be worth an hour's purchase.

And the truth is that, as far as the Convention of September is concerned, this answer is sufficient. That Convention expressly reserved to both Italy and France full liberty of action in emergencies unprovided for in the text. If the French EMPEROR sends a fresh army to Rome, he will not be able to shelter himself under the excuse that he is compelling Italy to fulfil her solemn engagements. That his Ministers will put the plea forward is probable. But Europe at large will see through the pretext, and will thoroughly understand that France interferes at Rome once more because it is convenient for the French Empire to take the line of supporting the POPE. And in judging the EMPEROR's conduct it will not be forgotten that, though he may talk of the sanctity of the Convention of September, he has throughout been violating its spirit by tacitly supplying the POPE with troops. The only difference between the Antibes Legion and the Garibaldian volunteers is that the former have crossed the frontier



to help the POPE against his subjects, and the latter to help the POPE's subjects against the POPE. If GARIBALDI has been publishing proclamations, French generals have been reviewing the Vatican's soldiers. In reality the September Convention was a mere temporary makeshift. It settled nothing; it provided nothing against obvious dangers; and the obvious dangers have come. Nor can the EMPEROR justify French intervention on the ground that it is not Italy's business. What constitutes the whole difficulty of the Roman question is that the Italians are not mere foreigners. If they were, these complications would not occur. It is because we recognise the fact that Rome is part of Italy that we acknowledge the situation to be exceptional, and French intervention at Rome to be unwarrantable.

After all the evils and the disorders to which the French occupation of Rome twenty years back gave rise, a new French intervention in 1867 would be nothing short of a deliberate political crime. How can we expect rebellions and outrages and assassinations to cease if arbitrary rulers treat in this way the settled and unanimous aspirations of a people? The French EMPEROR has done something already for Europe, more perhaps than he quite intended to have done. While we accept the benefits, we cannot but feel that, if it is his purpose once again to crush out by military force the hopes of Italy and the freedom of Rome, he is wantonly, and to serve the mere selfish interests of his dynasty, condemning Italy to disorder and anarchy, and removing the last hope of settled European peace. The effect on his own fortunes he must be left to calculate himself. He will have pleased his EMPRESS, his Catholic Bishops and their clergy, and perhaps the ignorant masses of the rural population, besides gratifying the professional ardour of a portion of the army; but he will have converted Italy from a warm friend into a dangerous and powerful enemy, and irrevocably forfeited his right to be considered the representative of French democracy.

Whether, at the last moment, he will nerve himself to take the responsibility of so violent an outrage, and of all the weary train of difficulties that it entails, is a problem that must be solved within a few hours. Rumour says that he has resolved to cross the Rubicon, and to despatch his transports from Toulon. What, in so gloomy and critical an hour, will be the decision of the Italian Cabinet? The whole Liberal press of Europe, with scarcely a single exception, has been during the last week cheering the Italians on, as a gallant, clever, cunning people, capable of making noble sacrifices, and deserving of all our sympathy. The golden hour-glass of opportunity is, however, running fast against them. The delay of the Roman revolutionary party inside the walls is most serious. A week ago the French EMPEROR was still surprised and undecided; to-day his policy is perhaps formed and his mind made up. One thing is certain—that the Italian Government cannot afford to be at variance, on the subject of Rome, with the whole of the Italian nation, and that whatever risks are to be run must be shared by King and people. M. MAZZINI cannot be left to lead VICTOR EMMANUEL on the path to Rome. Meanwhile, Count BISMARCK from Berlin has given no sign, except a perhaps apocryphal proposal of a general Congress, and seems as incurious about Rome as if he were a mere philosophic spectator. Perhaps he sees—that Cabinet Councils at St. Cloud may have failed to see—that, if the French EMPEROR decides on reoccupying Rome, German unity will indeed be secure. The foundations of Germany were laid in Austria's possession of Venice. The final time for the completion of M. BISMARCK's great edifice will be the hour when France has once more planted her foot in Rome.

#### PARLIAMENT AND THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

NO Government would incur the inconvenience of an autumn Session without reasonable cause, and it must be assumed that some proposal will be made which requires the sanction of Parliament. The last extra Session was rendered necessary by the suspension of the Bank Charter Act in 1857, and a previous one was occasioned by circumstances of greater importance than even a monetary crisis or a dozen Abyssinian expeditions. In the latter part of 1854 the whole country was anxious for the safety of the army in the Crimea, and the House of Commons was called upon both to provide supplies for the war, and to sanction the unpleasant project of hiring German mercenaries to supply the place of English recruits. It was during the autumn Session that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, by suddenly denouncing his colleagues, broke up Lord ABERDEEN'S Government, and consequently lost the lead

of the Liberal party. Parliament is now summoned to consider much less interesting matters, and there is no prospect of party struggles or of Ministerial changes. The policy of the Government in undertaking the release of the Abyssinian prisoners will not be seriously questioned, although some members may probably object to a confessedly unprofitable war. The House of Commons has virtually sanctioned the expedition by receiving in silence Lord STANLEY's distinct intimation of his probable course, and no intelligence has lately been received which in any way affects the policy of the enterprise. If it is true that the Emperor THEODORUS is hard pressed by rebels, internal dissensions will perhaps facilitate the advance of the English force; but it would be injudicious to rely in any degree on the domestic politics of a barbarous country. The most formidable of the insurgent chiefs has lately been threatened with an insurrection against his own authority, which may possibly have tended to restore the power of the EMPEROR. The preparations for invasion, which must by this time be well known throughout Abyssinia, may probably have caused some change in the relative strength of different parties, but there is no reason to fear a general concert of patriotic resistance to a foreign enemy. The only excuse for abandoning an English Envoy who has been imprisoned in the discharge of his duty would consist in the absolute impossibility of effecting a rescue; and those who have the best means of forming a judgment unanimously agree that the invasion of Abyssinia is neither impracticable nor extraordinarily difficult. The expedition is said to be popular among Indian officers and civilians, who are more familiar than ordinary Englishmen with the conduct of hostilities in uncivilized regions. With an abundant supply of transports, the coast of Abyssinia will be practically nearer to Bombay than the hill tribes on the Northern frontier are to Calcutta; and when the object of the expedition is attained, it will not be necessary, as in Indian border war, to exact permanent securities against a repetition of violence. The Abyssinians cannot make predatory incursions into English territory, and it will not be necessary hereafter to place officers in the power of the local rulers. If political or dynastic changes immediately or incidentally result from the war, no actual or rightful chief will obtain an English guarantee for his dominions. It will probably not be judicious to make promises of disinterested neutrality, as long as there are hopes and fears to work upon; but as soon as possible the invading troops will be withdrawn, and the Abyssinians will be left to manage their own affairs. Sooner or later their country will be probably opened to foreign intercourse, but the impending expedition will at most prepare the way for commerce by the indirect process of discovery. The great settled communities of China and Japan have within the present generation been compelled to enter the pale of European civilization; but the trade of Abyssinia is not worth a conquest, and the modern policy of England is irreconcilably opposed to forcible acquisitions.

If there is any opposition to the proposals of the Government, the burden of the contest will be borne, not by Lord STANLEY, but by Mr. DISRAELI, and possibly by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Notwithstanding the natural desire of the House of Commons to avoid unnecessary expenditure, a proposal to apply the revenues of India to the purposes of the Abyssinian war would meet with strenuous resistance. The object of the expedition is to vindicate the honour of England, for neither Captain CAMERON nor Mr. RASSAM at any time held an Indian commission. The Crown is entitled to employ its Indian troops for any Imperial object, and it is perfectly right that the Indian dependency of Aden should be used for any purpose connected with the expedition; but the expenses of the campaign, over and above the ordinary cost of maintaining the troops in time of peace, ought to fall on the home Exchequer. The vast expense of suppressing the mutiny was borne exclusively by India; and the cost of maintaining a purely English quarrel ought to be defrayed from the resources of the Mother-country. The advantage of employing Indian troops is in itself not inconsiderable. Acclimatized soldiers and an efficient Commissariat could not have been provided at home. There is no reason to doubt that, if the question of financial liability was ever raised, the Government has already arrived at an equitable decision. It is fortunately the duty of the head of every department to guard the interests which are specially confided to his care, even against the possible encroachment of his colleagues; and inexperienced readers of blue-books sometimes find, to their astonishment, that communications between members of the same Cabinet are conducted with an official formality which might almost be mistaken for diplomatic jealousy. When it was suggested that the expedition to Abyssinia might be most conveniently

organized at Bombay, Lord STANLEY necessarily consulted Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the facilities which might be furnished by the Indian Government; and the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA stipulated in his reply that the entire charge of the war should be borne by the English Treasury. As Lord STANLEY has allowed the answer of his colleague to be published without any replication on his own part, it is evident that he acquiesces in the justice of the demand.

The same inference may be drawn from the assemblage of Parliament at an unusual and inconvenient season. The SECRETARY OF STATE can dispose almost at his discretion of the resources of India, but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER must obtain a vote for every grant and for every appropriation. If Mr. DISRAELI had found himself in possession of an ample disposable surplus, he would probably have postponed his application to the House of Commons, in the certainty that he would be indemnified for necessary expenditure. In the beginning of 1862 the Government spent large sums in despatching reinforcements to Canada, as a security against the complications which might have resulted from the affair of the *Trent*. It was not then thought necessary to anticipate the usual period of the Session, and perhaps it was considered undesirable that the subject should be debated while negotiations were still in progress. The summons to Parliament implies an application either for new taxes, or possibly for a loan. Mr. GLADSTONE and other politicians have sometimes professed to think that the immediate pressure of taxation formed a beneficial check on the possible ambition or extravagance of a community which has assuredly been exempt in late years from the imputation of warlike propensities. The policy, however, of a great country ought to be regulated by its interest and duty, and not by an examination of resources which will be forthcoming when they are required. No man wishes for war with Abyssinia, but all Englishmen worthy of the name insist on vindicating the national honour without regard to cost. It is extremely unpleasant to be asked for an addition of twenty-five or fifty per cent. to the Income-tax because a barbarous chief at the other end of the world has acted according to the instincts of an uncivilized and capricious despot; but submission to insults is not only a degradation, but in the end it is bad economy. If the Abyssinian expedition succeeds, it will perhaps prevent the necessity of several petty wars in other half-savage countries. The Indian newspapers probably exaggerate the bad effect of the delay which has already taken place; but it would not be safe, especially in the present state of European opinion, to countenance a belief that the English Government was incapable of resenting an insult.

If Mr. DISRAELI proposes a loan, he will have to encounter the formidable opposition of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has always watched with laudable vigilance every proposal for increasing the permanent debt. While all other States habitually borrow as often as they are engaged in war, it has long been the habit of England to pay the whole or a considerable portion of any extraordinary outlay out of the current revenue. The Russian and Italian wars added more than a hundred millions sterling to the national debt of France, but nearly half the cost of the Russian war to England was covered by the proceeds of additional taxation. The American Government borrowed about five hundred millions for the four years' civil war, and perhaps the enormity of the sum may have furnished a sufficient excuse for a financial policy opposed to all established doctrines. As the estimate for the Abyssinian war can scarcely exceed three or four millions, it would be an unjustifiable anomaly to apply to the House of Commons for a regular loan; but it is possible that some intermediate measure may be adopted, and that the House may assent to a temporary increase of the floating debt. Exchequer Bills are always supposed to be mere anticipations of revenue, and in the present state of the Money-market they can be issued on exceptionally favourable terms. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, at the beginning of the Crimean war, obtained authority to issue Exchequer Bonds, which were to be redeemed out of the next year's revenue; and, although the liquidation was afterwards postponed, his plan had the advantage of not visibly contravening his general principles. Mr. DISRAELI has often shown an inclination to follow the financial precedents which have been established by his experienced and ingenious predecessor. If he can make a plausible case, the House of Commons will not be indisposed to avoid both the imposition of new taxes and the contraction of a regular loan.

#### THE SORROWS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

SORROWS seldom fail to come, but they seldom come in the way that seems beforehand most natural and most easily to be expected. His enemies long ago prophesied that LOUIS NAPOLEON would meet the fate he deserved. He would be properly punished for his atrocious *coup d'état*, for all the miseries he has inflicted on private families and innocent men, and for all the woes he has brought on France. He would perish by the sword he has taken, or would yield to another revolution, or at best would lead the gloomy, anxious life of a military tyrant, hated by his people and afraid of them. These prophecies may still come true, for any prophecies may come true about any man who is not actually dead. But at any rate they have not come true yet, and there appears no sign of their coming true soon. The EMPEROR has had, on the whole, a very successful reign; no party in France desires his downfall; the Bourse trembles with agitation when so precious a man is even falsely reported to have a headache; and he, his wife, and his son are personally very popular, mix on the most pleasant and sociable terms with Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of all ranks, and are the object of quite as much general interest at Biarritz or Compiègne as our QUEEN is at Balmoral or Osborne. And yet LOUIS NAPOLEON is a man on whom a dark cloud of care and anxiety is obviously settling. But his sorrows come not from his failure, but from his success. He has invented the burden that is pressing on him. He is, as he wished to be, the EMPEROR, the sole responsible manager of French affairs, the one authority to whom all bow, the one judge of what is to be done and borne and attempted by one of the richest, bravest, and most powerful nations in the world. This sounds a grand and admirable position enough to satisfy the ambition, and give scope to the genius, of any man who ever lived. Undoubtedly it is a wonderfully great thing to be what LOUIS NAPOLEON is. But then, having so much power and so much responsibility, he also has a load of care very much beyond what falls to the share of most men. This, again, is not in itself anything so very terrible. If a man is a great ruler, he must rule; if he governs forty millions of men, he must go through the trouble of governing. But the ill-luck of LOUIS NAPOLEON—or, as his enemies would say, his punishment—is of a more serious kind. It so happens that now, after fifteen years of tolerable prosperity, he finds himself in the presence of very peculiar difficulties. The weight of this whole system of personal government appears to be coming on him all at once, and he is so situated that, whatever course he takes, it seems as if, for the rest of his life, he must henceforward have the gravest and most wearing cares besetting him. Surely this is a most unenviable lot. As age is coming on him he finds that he has earned by all his exertions, not repose, or a quiet, stable dignity, but a lot of increasing strife and weariness and uncertainty. To find health decaying, and hopes vanishing, and the interest in affairs fading away, and yet to be obliged to call on the spirits and energies for new and unceasing efforts, to be always struggling when the power and wish to struggle are dying out, seems in a quiet unostentatious way to be one of the greatest miseries that man can be called on to endure, and the sorrows it entails threaten to be the sorrows of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

In the first place, there are difficulties attending his foreign policy which promise to be, not only great, but permanent. The jealousy of Prussia which pervades so large a section of the French people is sure to be a fruitful source of embarrassment. But Prussia is by no means the cause of his most serious trouble. It is very conceivable that all the difficulties that threaten him from Prussia might be surmounted, if not in a year or two, yet after a time that would leave him some hope of surviving them, and of having a peaceful old age after they were over. He might either use all his influence to avert war, and then possibly, as time went on, his subjects might get reconciled to Prussia, their commercial interests might be bound up with those of Germany, and the fire of his Colonels might die out towards Prussia as it has done towards England. Or he might resolve on war, and if he were successful he might become the glory and pride of France, and throw back for half a century the fulfilment of Prussian ambition. Even if he had no great success he might probably bring about a settlement which Germany and France, having once tried their strength in arms, would be content to leave subsisting for many years. But Rome is much more difficult to deal with. Either he will occupy Rome again, or he will not; and whichever way he decides he sows a crop of troubles that will beset his path for the rest of his life. Hitherto he has managed to be tolerably



neutral between the Church and the Revolutionary or Liberal party in Europe, and both, while distrusting him, look on him as their friend. But this cannot last any longer. The Italians will not recede, and will force him to occupy Rome if he means to save the Temporal Power. We cannot consider it so improbable as it seems to be thought in England, that he will decide to place himself on the side of the Church. The clerical party in France, like the clerical party everywhere, has the great advantage of always knowing its own mind, of being always ready to act, and of having a clear, plausible case, which it is always obtruding on the world. The Liberal party does not know, or does not like to say, what it means, and frightens those who are inclined to be its adherents by the vague possibilities which it shadows out. LOUIS NAPOLEON has, too, a personal interest in the matter. If the Italians occupy Rome they will seem to be gaining a victory over him. It will not be his policy that is triumphant; and, after the disastrous failure of the Mexican expedition, he must feel that any further humiliation would be very dangerous to him. So far as present ease and immediate gain go, he may probably think that it will be best for him to conciliate the Catholic party, and to assert his own superiority by occupying Rome, and crushing the Italians if they attempt to prevent the occupation. But if he does crush Italy, he will have a very troublous time before him. It is no light thing for him to break finally with the Revolution, to cease wholly to be a Liberal, and to become openly the adversary of European democracy. He fought the war of 1859 mainly to escape from such a position, and the position would be worse now than it seemed to be then. The Italian monarchy would be almost certainly swept away, and he would have to hold down Italy by force of arms. France is very strong, and France could perhaps hold Italy down. But what an incessant struggle it would be; how much of the work of his life it would annihilate; and how poor a position it would be for him to hold in his old age, that he should be in Italy what the Austrians were until he drove them out! It would be a situation of things that every one would feel could not last; and it is hard to conceive any fate more sorrowful for LOUIS NAPOLEON than that he should spend the melancholy evening of his life in trying to maintain a situation of things that could not be maintained.

His troubles at home are scarcely less serious. There, too, he has reached a point where he must advance along one of two diverging paths, either of which will lead him into dangers and thickets and quagmires. Last January he promised large measures of Liberal reform. There were to be increased freedom of the press and increased freedom of public meetings, and various other changes in the same direction. For three-quarters of a year he has been meditating on the extent to which it would be convenient to him to fulfil the hopes he has given. Practically he has to some extent conceded what he promised. The press has had a degree of liberty allowed it which it has never before enjoyed since he began his reign. The law has not been altered, but it has not been put in force with anything like the old severity; and no one has been in the least discontented that the EMPEROR has not moved faster. But now the time has come when his real intentions must be declared. If at the beginning of next Session he simply keeps silence, it will be taken as a sign that he does not mean to give any increase of liberty, that he has done with his project of crowning the edifice, and that he is prepared to ignore and defy the friends of freedom in France. He may decide on running whatever risk this involves, for it is for the moment the easiest and most tempting policy, just as in foreign politics it is for the moment the easiest and most tempting policy to take the side of the Catholics in the Roman quarrel. But then there is the future. No one can doubt that there is a growing wish in France that the country should have a larger share in the management of its own affairs. This wish shows itself in a temperate way, but the recent elections to the Councils-General, and the language which candidates have used, sufficiently show that the wish exists. If the EMPEROR decides now on making no concession, he will either have to repress this wish for the rest of his life, or he will have to yield hereafter under pressure what he declines to yield now when his choice is free. On the other hand, if he redeems his promises of last January he will have before him the difficult task of ruling the conduct and moderating the aspirations of the French Liberals during a series of years which, it may be confidently said, will be years either of actual war or of great difficulties external and internal. The system, too, by which he and his Empire have hitherto profited so largely—the system of regulating prices and providing work—appears now at last on the point of revealing its bad side. The harvest in France has

been very bad, trade is slack, and, what is much worse than all, the municipalities are overburdened with taxes. The moment is coming when LOUIS NAPOLEON will have to ask himself, "Am I at all hazards to keep the price of bread low in Paris and Lyons, and all the towns where there is a dangerous population? If the towns which have pawned their resources to carry on gigantic works cannot go on paying the interest of their debt, am I to force the State to find the money? If workmen are thrown out of employ, am I to order new gigantic works to be commenced when it is known that the old gigantic works do not pay?" For the moment the decision may not be difficult. France is very rich, and very obedient. But what a prospect this opens for the future, what a growing weight of care to fall on the shoulders of one elderly irresolute man! It is impossible not to say that the prospect that lies before LOUIS NAPOLEON is a melancholy one, and history may not improbably record the tale of his old age, if he lives, as one of its strongest warnings to those who are tempted to aspire to the lonely grandeur of personal and irresponsible power.

#### SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER.

THERE are, and there are not, signs that the recent special inquiries at Sheffield and Manchester have done good. Let us take the pleasantest aspect of the case first. The Alliance of Organized Unions—that is, the Union of Unions, the central and checking authority which presides over the various trades—has met in conference, by delegates, at Preston; and, like the Bishops at Lambeth, the Congress closed its doors against the Press, but, unlike the Bishops, it has not issued an Encyclical. All that has cozed out is an Allocution from the President, Mr. AUSTIN, of Sheffield, which adopts the pathetic language so familiar to the Vatican. The craft, like the Church, is in danger. Trades' Unionism has fallen on evil days; on every side there are apostasies and backslidings. There is a lamentable defection from the good old cause. It is a burden laid upon the POPE that Rome happens to be the worst-governed State in Christendom; and in like fashion "it is unfortunate that Sheffield has been the seat of government, and that BROADHEAD was, until the late disclosures, Treasurer of the Alliance." We quite agree with President AUSTIN, and we perfectly understand that the iron has entered into his paternal heart. "The trades of the country had not come forward to the support of the Alliance"—a grief much of the same kind as the defection of Austria must be to the Vicar of CHRIST. "Several of the trades in association had reduced the number of members on which they paid"; a fact equivalent to the decrease of PETER's pence. But this is not all; the parallel between the ecclesiastical and commercial worlds goes further. Just as the educated mind is slipping away from its old adherence to the one and orthodox faith, so the President has to deplore "that a large section of the press, and of the clergy of all denominations, and the political economists, are opposed to Trades' Unions." We quite agree with the patriarchal voice from Preston that, if ever there was a time when it behoved Unionists to be up and doing, that time is the present. And his advice seems to be taken. On the one hand, as we have said, there is a gleam of sunshine penetrating the darkness of Sheffield itself. The famous Saw-grinders have begun to amend their ways, and now that, in revising their rules, they have come to the conviction that it is desirable "to recommend the expulsion from their body of any member found guilty of rattening," we are in hopes that this recommendation will be carried out. On the other hand, the recent disclosures have only had the effect of making desperate and criminal men more desperate and criminal. This result, however, may have its good side. Although the whole educated mind of the country is, as is admitted, against the Unionists, it perhaps requires an unmistakable amount of proof to show what these principles of Unionists must come to. Unfortunately things must get to the very worst before we can depend upon a remedy. It seems that the Unionists have not been slow to profit by the teaching which the professional mind has lavished upon them. They have been taught, by those who knew better, that the writers in the newspapers who have denounced BROADHEAD and his crimes are criminals and traitors, and that, "system for system, crime for crime," they, "the moral assassins, are the worst of the two." The hint has been taken, and Unionism has answered to the appeal to be up and doing.

During the progress of the Manchester inquiry a news-

paper of that city, the *Free Lance*, published a remarkable article, the substance of which was that the whole truth was not likely to come out; that the authorities of the Unions had taken the hint, and had destroyed the evidence of the worst atrocities; that they had managed to export inconvenient testimony to America; and consequently that we did not know, and never should know, all, or the worst, of the brick-makers' outrages at Manchester. In the *Saturday Review* of September 21 we referred to this authority, and grounded some observations of our own upon it. The article, it seems, attracted general attention, and at Manchester it terribly annoyed the Unionists. It may be an odd coincidence, but it seems to be the fact that the publisher of the *Free Lance* has been made the object of a murderous attack. Mr. HEYWOOD has been shot at, and only escaped by that providential arrangement which makes the aim of a murderer so often more uncertain than his malice. Of course there is no proof that Mr. HEYWOOD was shot at by a Unionist. But we must read Manchester by Sheffield, and it is too apparent that there is system in all this. The Manchester editor pledged himself to the fact that there was in existence certain evidence which would most grievously implicate the Union authorities. The Manchester publisher was all but assassinated. The event does not stand alone. Last year, in Sheffield, one to whom the country owes an immense debt of gratitude, the editor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, distinctly promised that, if a special inquiry were instituted, evidence would be produced proving that the Union authorities—and BROADHEAD was all but named—had ordered, and paid for, murders. The Commission sat, and the editor of the Sheffield newspaper fulfilled his pledge when HALLAM confessed. But this gentleman has, from that time to this, been the object of murderous threats, and for months never ventured to sleep without a watchman and firearms in his house. This is clearly no local or occasional grievance. It is a mere plain matter of fact that any public man who denounces the crimes of Manchester and Sheffield writes with his life in his hands. The Sheffield editor for a whole twelvemonth has not been safe. The murderers who were unable to get at the writer in the *Free Lance* tried to assassinate his publisher. *Tua res agitur*; we admit that we are not very disinterested or unimpassioned witnesses. Here in London we have more than one man of education willing and able to denounce their supposed enemies to the desperadoes of the crafts, and who is not ashamed, as against ourselves and others,

Spargere voces  
Per vulgum ambiguas et querere conscios arma.

We have said that, in their way, these little incidents have their value on public opinion, and perhaps, according to the old saying about the blood of martyrs, the murder of a journalist or publisher is a useful, however melancholy, price to pay for a thorough knowledge of the real character of Unionism.

We turn to another aspect of the case, which, we regret to say, proves to demonstration that the old spirit which animated BROADHEAD is not dead; and that, in Sheffield at least, there is in some quarters an avowed and defiant intention to repeat his vigorous policy. On the 30th of September a public meeting was held at the Temperance Hall, where resolutions not quite temperate were carried, with only one dissentient voice. A Mr. IRONSIDE, a Town Councillor, was invited to lecture; and as that person does not read the reports of his speeches, we are not perhaps called upon to criticize his lecture, though he affects to say that he has been misrepresented. He professes not to know where the report of his utterances appeared. We have before us a copy of the *Sheffield Independent*, which gives it at length. He is about to publish an authorized copy, and, we hope, about to prosecute the *Sheffield Independent* for libel. That scandalous journal makes Mr. IRONSIDE remark that "Moses slew an Egyptian, and buried him in the sand; that Moses was in 'high favour with God; and that if men cannot resist lawfully, 'they will resist unlawfully.'" To be sure Mr. IRONSIDE did not apply this instance to BROADHEAD, but he stated it at Sheffield, and in connexion with the recent inquiry. Further, in addition to this Scriptural precedent—which he rather spoils by applying to Moses the praise given to DAVID, that he was the man after God's own heart—he proceeded to an observation in natural philosophy, that "violence was resorted to when 'there was anything wrong, as a thunderstorm purified the 'atmosphere.'" The Special Commissions at Sheffield and Manchester he is stated to have denounced as "an infamous 'inquisition,' and the result of 'marvellous insanity' on the part of the idiotic portion of the trade who demanded them; and the refusal of the Sheffield magistrates to renew

BROADHEAD's licence he is reported to have characterized "as 'the disgraceful exhibition of a set of pettifogging tricksters.'" And finally, he is said to have observed that it is "you"—namely, the knobsticks or non-Union men—"who cause these 'men'—i.e. BROADHEAD and his accomplices—"who have to 'keep the trade in good position, to do things which they had 'much rather not do.'" Whether Mr. IRONSIDE did or did not deliver himself of this wicked language is perhaps immaterial, for, though no less criminal on that account, he will be set down for a madman; but what is of importance is that the very meeting which cheered this horrid language to the echo, and which yelled down the solitary dissentient from Mr. IRONSIDE's views, passed a resolution, prepared by a man named TITTERTON, which expresses in terms the present argument of the Unionists. It runs thus:—Admitted that BROADHEAD's murders are indefensible, and that there are ugly points about rattening and trade outrages generally (we do not know whether shooting newspaper folks is thus mildly denounced), still, while there is the law of the land, there is also a higher law of necessity. This law men will, and they must as well as will, vindicate; and they are the more bound to do so because there is a conspiracy of the governing and employing classes to crush the liberties of working-men. "All trade outrages are the inevitable consequences of these one-sided and unjust laws; and so long 'as the working-classes are treated as outlaws it is not 'only their right, but their bounden duty, to make and 'enforce such laws as will enable them to maintain their 'wives and families, and in so doing they only obey the law 'of necessity, which overrides all partial and unjust man-made laws." And with especial reference to the Sheffield and Manchester Commissions, their only "object is to crush 'the Societies through their long-tried leaders"—that is, BROADHEAD and his associates. Such are the resolutions passed a week or two ago at a considerable meeting of the Sheffield artisans. This argument, we admit, is conclusive enough; and as it is put forward with the enthusiastic approbation of a large body of working-men, and in the head-quarters of Unionism, and on the very scene of the late horrible disclosures, we fear that our hopes of any real improvement must be very slight. At the very utmost, the Union authorities only part company with BROADHEAD in a mincing attitude and with faltering accents, and it is always with some reservation, which is, after all, an apology. A newspaper correspondent, signing himself "a 'Working-Man,'" expressed not long ago at Manchester what, we fear, is the real opinion of too many of his class:—"These outrages are not so morally black as they 'have been represented. As a question of abstract right 'or wrong, the members of a trade have the same right to 'enforce their laws on a small minority as the majority of a 'nation have to enforce theirs on the whole community. 'The only difference is that, in the case of a nation, the 'most violent means are used, but used openly, to enforce 'the rule of the majority; but if the grinders think violence 'necessary it must be done secretly.'" The point is—it must be done. As was said in the very same column by another writer in language which will bear repetition—"When a 'man enters the Union he is no longer free. ANANIAS 'entered the Christian union, and violated its rules; and—'ANANIAS fell dead at the Apostle's feet."

#### AMERICA.

THE victory of the Democrats in the Pennsylvania elections seems to indicate an approaching reaction in American politics, especially as it follows a similar decision in California. It happens that parties are always nearly balanced in Pennsylvania, and that the neutral or undecided portion of the constituency represents with considerable accuracy the floating opinion of the Northern States. The majority of the State successively supported Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. LINCOLN, and in all subsequent contests it has been found on the winning side. The actual vote is of little importance, as the balance of parties in Congress will not be altered, but the result will encourage the Democrats in all parts of the Union in their endeavour to overthrow the dominant faction. An American Opposition always derives strength from the extravagant corruption of the holders of office; and, as the Republicans have now enjoyed power for six or seven years, almost all recent jobs and malversations are justly imputed to their party. Only a few political critics of the higher order admit that systematic disregard of the character and qualifications of candidates for office is inherent in the system of election. The managers of Con-



ventions belong to the worst section of the community, and their favourites are chosen either on pecuniary grounds or for their supposed indifference to principle. Few Americans venture to trace this evil further to its root in the enormous numbers of an indiscriminate constituency. It is impossible that universal suffrage should dispense with external guidance, whether it receives the necessary direction from the Government, as in France, or from knots of obscure intriguers, as in the United States. The evil is tolerable in America only because the range of administrative and legislative power is limited; but it has been more generally felt since the great increase of taxation has increased the temptation to interfere in politics. Republican functionaries have created public scandals, not because they were Republicans, but because they were in office. The Democrats have in many States enjoyed a seven years' quarantine, which enables them to present a clean bill of political health. But for the impudence of the PRESIDENT, and his consequent unpopularity, the reaction would probably have become more general, independently of political considerations.

It may be doubted whether the Democratic leaders would themselves wish for immediate accession to power. It seems to be generally believed throughout the North that the process of reconstruction is thus far successful, and the opponents of the legislation of Congress would be unwilling either to continue the policy which they have denounced, or to disappoint the sanguine hopes of their countrymen. It is difficult to define reconstruction, or to ascertain its objects; but for the present the South is tranquil, and its inhabitants are in no hurry to escape from military rule. The possible supremacy of the negroes under the future State Constitutions is more obnoxious than the exercise of a provisional dictatorship. Some of the ablest Republican journalists affect to ridicule the fears that a majority of the superior race can be overpowered by the coloured population; nor can it be doubted that sooner or later the white citizens will resume the government of their own country. For the present, however, the negroes have a large majority in five or six States, and they will probably control all the Southern Conventions. Having no opinions of their own, they are subject to the political direction of Northern agents who belong, without exception, to the extreme Republican faction. The leading white citizens have been disfranchised by Congress, and the residue are naturally unwilling to vote in pursuance of legislation which they consider unconstitutional and oppressive. The delegates of the negro voters will frame any State Constitutions which are dictated to them by their instructors, and they will afterwards send to Washington Senators and Representatives diametrically opposed in opinion to the genuine constituencies of the Southern States. In this manner reconstruction will probably be completed without further difficulty; but to foreigners it seems that the whole process will have, after no long interval of time, to be repeated in an opposite spirit. Perhaps the Republicans are right in preferring even a fictitious reconstruction to the present suspension of all legal relations between the Southern States and the Union. A revolutionary period cannot be closed too soon, even if it is necessary to cover the smouldering fire with a mere layer of ashes. It will probably be necessary for a considerable time to maintain Federal garrisons in the Southern States for the protection of life and property. In Tennessee, and probably in other Southern States, civil war is only suppressed by the vicinity of an irresistible force.

Impartial spectators have no reason to desire a political reaction in the United States. The Republicans are, on the whole, perhaps more respectable than their adversaries; and even the Reconstruction Acts, although they appear anomalous, were passed in good faith. Within a year or two the moderate Republicans have disappeared from public view, in accordance with the rule that no American party can tolerate the existence of a minority within its own body. The most zealous supporters of the PRESIDENT have deserted his cause, in preference to abandoning their Republican allegiance, and the opponents of Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SHERMAN are loudest in applauding the supposed operation of their measures. The party consequently includes many secret dissentients from a violent policy, and, if opinion changes, the present leaders will be abandoned. Even cautious malcontents sometimes venture to criticize the extravagant language of the party chiefs, as when Mr. WADE advocates communism, or when the Speaker of the House of Representatives elegantly anticipates that the PRESIDENT "will walk, not on earth, but on air." To an honest and sensible man it must be a painful reflection that there is no escape from Republicanism, except into the opposite camp. The Democrats, in their search for a popular

topic, have lighted on repudiation, as the easiest method of reducing the national burdens; and it must be supposed that they have satisfied themselves that the national creditors form but a small minority of the constituencies. The sophisms which they use in support of their unscrupulous proposal are familiar to the readers of COBBETT, and it is possible that ignorant and thoughtless persons may be deluded into the belief that a debt contracted when the paper currency was at a discount ought not to be paid in gold. New York and some other Northern States have already cheated their creditors by paying them off in greenbacks, and Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM propose that the Federal Legislature should follow the convenient precedent. The Acts which sanctioned the issue of Five-twenty bonds provided that the interest should be paid in gold, and pettifogging politicians have drawn the inference that the principal may lawfully be discharged in paper. The notorious impossibility of having borrowed the money if the contract had been interpreted to authorize payment in paper is not likely to be remembered by candidates who wish, not to be honest, but to be elected to State or Federal offices. It is but fair to state that the discovery of the supposed flaw in the bargain was due to the ingenuity of General BUTLER, who naturally wishes that his present Republican allies should not be outbidden by his former Democratic associates. Mr. GREELEY, and some others among the leading Republican journalists, protest against the bad faith which they justly impute to their Democratic adversaries; but it is unfortunately certain that Republicans possessing considerable influence have thought it their interest to adopt the doctrine of repudiation. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and Mr. SHERMAN, as well as General BUTLER, contend that the debt should be paid in paper, or, in other words, that it should not be paid at all. If foreign creditors alone were concerned, American securities would be a dangerous investment; but probably the small holders of bonds in different parts of the Union will succeed in defeating the flagitious schemes of professional politicians. The advocates of maintaining national good faith argue, with conclusive force, that the fraud recommended by Mr. PENDLETON and General BUTLER would be unprovoked as well as unjustifiable. The excessive taxes which at present cause reasonable dissatisfaction have been unnecessarily applied to the reduction of the principal of the debt, when Congress was only bound to provide for the regular payment of the interest. Immediate pressure will be relieved by the relinquishment of premature efforts to pay off the debt; and in fifteen or twenty years the rapid growth of population and wealth will have greatly diminished the burden by a perfectly legitimate process. If all doubts of American honesty were removed, there is no reason why the obligations of the Government should be, as at present, extravagantly depreciated in comparison with English, or even with Russian, funds. A reputation for good faith is a negotiable property, and it would be worth while to silence the BUTLERS and the PENDLETONS for the sake of paying off with money borrowed at four per cent. debts which bear an interest of six per cent. Educated Americans of good station are probably equal in integrity to Europeans of the same rank, but unfortunately those of them who aspire to political power are compelled to address themselves to an irresponsible multitude. An ingenious writer, who describes himself as an ex-sergeant of Volunteers, has lately published a proposal for the establishment in each State of a second and co-ordinate Assembly for the exclusive representation and protection of property. His scheme is obviously, and perhaps consciously, chimerical; but the statements and arguments by which it is supported are deserving of the consideration of taxpayers who are governed, or about to be governed, by the classes which pay no direct taxes. In some parts of America the progress of legislative confiscation is already rapid, and the doctrines by which it is excused have been publicly professed by the second dignity of the Republic. Protests against the tendencies of democracy are in the United States only intellectual amusements. Any possible modification of existing institutions will be effected by the dominant classes for the purpose of removing real or supposed impediments to their absolute supremacy.

#### POLITICAL LEAGUES.

IT is not certain whether political clubs are destined to form a permanent element in the English Constitution. The Birmingham Union of 1831 disappeared after the passing of the Reform Bill, and the Catholic Association ostensibly dissolved itself as soon as Emancipation had been secured.

The Corn-law League maintained, under various names, a fitful existence in Manchester for some years after the attainment of its object; but the traders and manufacturers who had heartily prosecuted the repeal of the Corn-laws resented the attempt to control their political action by the aid of a standing organization. The French people have never forgotten the time when the Jacobin Club divided with the Convention the conduct of the Revolution during the worst of its phases; and the imitative associations which were established by demagogues during the anarchy of 1848 were sternly suppressed by an Assembly deriving its powers from universal suffrage. The clubs which flourish respectively under the presidency of Mr. BEALES and Mr. POTTER show no disposition to abdicate their functions, although their wishes have been gratified to a wholly unexpected extent. Having professedly come into existence for the attainment of a definite public object, the Reform League is now occupied in devising some new occupation for the energy of its managers. The prospect of cultivating seditious feeling in Ireland has been clouded by Mr. BEALES's rash declaration of sympathy with GARIBALDI; but it is never difficult to discover pretexts for agitation, when notoriety is to be earned and vanity indulged. The Reform League of Leeds has lately been employing itself in the invention of grievances which may serve as an excuse for speeches and meetings; and, in accordance with Mr. BRIGHT's advice, the Ballot has been selected as the most urgent of political wants. A long programme which follows is only worth noticing because it is founded on the assumption that the Reformed Parliament requires the aid and stimulus of irresponsible clubs. The attempt at usurpation would have irritated a constituency consisting of the middle-classes; but perhaps the new electors may be not unwilling to accept the guidance of unauthorized leaders. The Reform League may possibly become, like similar associations in America, a machine for managing elections, and it will never want supporters if it can help its promoters to obtain seats in Parliament.

Many of the professed objects of the League and similar clubs are in themselves plausible or desirable; but if Parliament is qualified for its most obvious duties, there can be no occasion that its deliberations should be anticipated by volunteer lords of the articles. A good system of education and judicious legislation for the benefit of Ireland would be highly expedient, and it is not impossible that the great constitutional change of last Session may remove some of the obstacles to improvement. Demagogues from time to time perform a useful function, even by a violent derangement of existing systems, and the admirers of Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill owe a certain debt of gratitude even to Mr. BEALES; but the Parliament of the future must be extremely faulty in constitution if it requires his further superintendence. Whole miles of prostrated iron railings would be useless in reconciling the preliminary discrepancy between a comprehensive project of national education and a compromise with the Irish Roman Catholic prelates, who insist on the maintenance of exclusively sectarian teaching. It is perhaps because more serious questions involve puzzling difficulties that Mr. BAINES, and other recent speakers, have chosen the Ballot as a safer topic of discussion. Yet it is not easy to understand the interest of the Radical party in providing for the concealment of votes. The workingpeople who are now supreme in the boroughs are justly proud of an independence which frequently takes the form of hostility to their employers. There is not the least reason to suppose that they would take the trouble to make a mystery of their opinions if vote by ballot were established, and they have more to lose than to gain by any check which might be placed on the practice of intimidation. As Mr. BAINES is a moderate politician, notwithstanding his presence at a Reform League meeting, he is probably less anxious than Mr. BRIGHT to diminish the influence of the landowners in the counties, where it is possible that the Ballot might be more operative than in the boroughs. The assimilation of the two franchises would be a more democratic measure than the introduction of the Ballot, for the labourers would be more accessible than the farmers to the influence of demagogues. The agitation in favour of secret voting will be artificial and spiritless, but it may possibly be successful. The objection to the scheme is rather that it is essentially vicious in principle than that it will produce any important result, whether good or evil.

It is rather satisfactory than otherwise that Mr. MIALl should have been defeated at Bradford, although the decision of a moribund constituency throws no light on the political chances of future elections. Mr. FORSTER, who probably feels

himself safe in his seat, lately congratulated himself and his Bradford audience on the approaching addition of ten thousand voters to the number of the electors. At the general election of 1869 Mr. MIALl may perhaps retrieve his defeat, although the Nonconformists whom he more especially represents mostly belong to the humbler portion of the middle-classes. The workmen, while they do not like the Church, are for the most part unconnected with Dissenting bodies, and indifferent to the spiritual arguments against Establishments. If elections by provisional constituencies possessed any considerable importance, the success of the local candidate would be interesting chiefly as a proof that the electors resent the dictation of the Reform League. That officious body had supported the pretensions of Mr. MIALl; and the electors, who may perhaps have failed to discover any reason for preferring either competitor, seem, with a sound instinct, to have decided against the nominee of a club. As the show of hands was in favour of Mr. THOMPSON, it might be supposed that the Reform League is as powerless in the streets as on the hustings; but possibly the new member may be recommended by local popularity, in which a stranger was necessarily deficient. It may be hoped that no opening will be found in Bradford for adventurers far less respectable than Mr. MIALl, who not unnaturally desire to reap in their own persons the fruits of the late agitation. The ringleaders of the Reform League have generally offered their services to metropolitan constituencies, and the great manufacturing towns will probably retain something of the corporate feeling which has hitherto quickened their sense of political responsibility. As household suffrage has been long since practically established in London, the new and revolutionary candidates probably rely on the operation of the lodger franchise. Their success will perhaps be useful in exposing their incapacity, and in consequently terminating their career as agitators; but the degradation of the character of the metropolitan boroughs below the present modest standard would be a cause for regret. At the last election some of the London constituencies displayed a creditable anxiety to retrieve their character; and the present representatives of the metropolis rise, on an average, somewhat above mediocrity. It has never been their own custom, or the wish of their constituents, that they should interpret their hustings' pledges too literally; and, with one or two occasional exceptions, they have had the honesty and spirit to abstain from presenting themselves at meetings convened by demagogues, and from countenancing seditious assemblages. Mr. AYKTON's appearance at the Crystal Palace was perhaps a necessary penance for his previous attempt, at St. James's Hall, to discountenance a dangerous agitation.

The Reform Bill will have really elevated a large part of the population if the electors learn, however imperfectly, to consider legislative problems, instead of confining their efforts to the redistribution of political power. Neither a workingman nor a ten-pound householder can find a source of wisdom in the Ballot; but the difficulties which lie at the threshold of Irish controversy may suggest serious reflections to the most inexperienced politician. A thoughtful artisan cannot but perceive that the object to which the Roman Catholic priesthood devote all their energies is diametrically opposed to the doctrines of English Liberals and philanthropists. The multitudes who, with limited information, sympathize with GARIBALDI, will find that Cardinal CULLEN imputes the popular enthusiasm as a crime to the English aristocracy, which entertains the same feelings in a far milder form. A community absolutely governed by the clergy is not an attractive object to English democrats, nor is an entire prohibition of public education likely to be favoured by the admirers of American institutions. The Reform League is not likely to assist its members or disciples in the investigation of grave political questions.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY CONFLICT IN VICTORIA.

THE go-ahead characteristics of our colonies are perpetually obtruding themselves upon our notice. The rapidity of their development reproduces in the earlier stages of their existence questions and situations which were only known in England after centuries of settled government. Starting with the traditions and maxims which here it has taken three or four hundred years to form, they present us with a counterpart of our contemporary rather than of our past history. How far the social constitution of our colonies will enable them to resist jars and strains which other forces than those of political dynamics have enabled us in England to bear and repair, is a question which time alone can solve. If



celerity of growth is an indication of internal weakness, then there may be cause for apprehending that the rapid maturity of the Australian colonies has been attained at the cost of that vigour which is an essential condition of longevity; and that the absence of that patient elaboration which has secured the principles of practical constitutionalism in the Mother-country will be fatal to its vitality in the dependencies. Meanwhile it is interesting to watch those collisions and conflicts which Parliamentary government generates in our distant settlements, and the appeals which they suggest to the constitutional law and practice of the Mother-country.

The latest crisis of this kind has been witnessed in Victoria, where, according to the most recent accounts, the Assembly and the Council were at issue, and the Ministers had resigned without being able to find successors. The cause of discord was an inheritance of Sir CHARLES DARLING's original mistake. It may be recollected that the immediate result of this error was the recall of Sir CHARLES. He thus came to be considered by the Lower House as a martyr to the cause of popular representation; and probably this was the view taken generally by the colonists, who for the most part are swayed more by impulse than by reflection. When, therefore, the duty of conferring on him some lasting memorial of popular gratitude was mooted, the Lower House showed itself quite ready to vote whatever money might be required for the purpose. A very reasonable regulation precludes Colonial Governors from receiving pecuniary gratifications at the hands of their subjects; and it can only be the sanction of the English Government that allows that evasion of the letter of the law under which a pecuniary grant is made to any member of a Governor's family. In the present instance it was proposed that the 20,000*l.* which it would be irregular for Sir C. DARLING to receive should be given to his wife. This was voted by the House of Assembly. During the discussion, it would seem, sundry sharp things were uttered by the supporters of the motion against the Legislative Council, whose quarrel with Sir CHARLES had led ultimately to his recall. The proposer even went so far as to aver that the motion was not only an emphatic approval of Sir C. DARLING, but an equally emphatic vote of censure on his enemies in and out of the Council, who were stigmatized as "the vilest faction" the colony had ever known. It is astonishing how quickly Colonial Parliaments learn that style of eloquence which consists in using strong epithets of invective. "Vile," "scoundrelly," "sordid," "contemptible," "dishonest," "disgraceful" run as glibly off the lips of colonial orators as the ordinary terms of Parliamentary proceedings. But although this abuse is common enough, it does not appear that familiarity has made it the more endurable. Pungent as were the epithets of the speakers, the feelings of the assembled were correspondingly keen. It argued very little knowledge of human nature to suppose that men could be denounced as the vilest faction the colony had ever known, and make no reprisals. The stinging words were remembered, and remembered too at a very critical time. The grant to Lady DARLING had been incorporated in the Appropriation Bill of the Session, which provided for the disbursement of all the sums voted therein; and it could not be separated from the other votes, which provided the salaries of the public officers, and the payments for public contracts. If it were rejected, all the others must be rejected too, and the colony plunged in financial confusion. It seemed therefore tolerably certain that the vote would pass the Council, and that its authors would have the double satisfaction of doing a handsome thing to Sir C. DARLING, and saying disagreeable things of his opponents. But this was too much for the Council to put up with. They might put up with the vote, or with the abuse, singly, but they had no intention of submitting to both. When, therefore, the Appropriation Bill came before them, they threw it out bodily. This was the quintessence of vengeance. It bore a curious likeness to the revenge which the Oxford student took, when he got himself plucked in order to spite the Examiners. There must have been Councillors, or the friends of Councillors, in the Administration; and there must have been public creditors, or public contractors, in the Council. All these persons were deprived of their dues by the adverse vote. Public salaries could not be paid, public debts could not be liquidated, public works could no longer be carried on. It was a dead-lock on the grandest scale. As to taking the responsibility of relying on the vote of the Assembly as a sufficient authority for issuing warrants, the GOVERNOR had the example of his predecessor too nearly before his eyes to venture on such a step. He had but lately arrived in the colony, and he had no particular desire to recross the ocean in an unofficial capacity.

Up to the present time the difficulty probably continues, along with the controversy to which it has given rise. It was not to be expected that the exercise of an objectionable power would pass unquestioned, and the crisis has been fruitful in protests, remonstrances, and discussions. The constitution of the Colonial is founded on the model of the Imperial Parliament. The privileges of the Assembly are identical with those of the House of Commons, while the powers of the Council are assimilated to those of the House of Lords. It is contended by the opponents of the Council that, as by the English Constitution the House of Lords is forbidden to meddle with a money Bill which has passed the Commons, so by the Colonial Constitution the Council is precluded from altering or rejecting any money Bill which has passed the Assembly. The protest of the minority of the Council against the vote of the majority distinctly alleges, "That the right possessed by the Legislative Council to reject such a Bill is of the same character as the right of the House of Lords to reject a General Appropriation Bill," and of the Crown to veto the same, being a right that has "never been exercised, by the House of Lords or by the Crown, at any period of British history." Yet it is quite easy to conceive that this right has never been exercised, without going so far as to deny that it exists. It is not *à priori* very likely that the Lords would reject any money Bill which the Commons had risked the obloquy of passing. Money has not always been so easy to get that the Chamber which has not the authority to impose taxes should exercise the power of remitting them. But although the Peers have never shown the disposition to wield this power, it is theirs by the recorded admission of the Commons. In a Conference in 1671 they distinctly declared, "Your Lordships have a negative to the whole." And on another occasion it was acknowledged that "The Lords may pass all or reject all, without diminution or alteration." The constitutional objection is to alteration or modification, not to rejection *in toto*. And this objection is confined to those Bills which are exclusively financial in their character; that is, which impose or remit taxes, and do nothing else. Viewed, then, in reference to domestic precedent, the proceeding of the Colonial Council has not been unconstitutional. It has been unusual, and irregular, and inexpedient. It has caused confusion and embarrassment in the colony, but to an infinitely less degree than a similar proceeding on the part of our House of Lords would do here. The very magnitude of the inconvenience may ensure its remedy. It is difficult to imagine that a sense of common interests will not induce the two Chambers to reconsider their differences, and agree in passing a Bill equally demanded by the honour and the interests of Victoria. External circumstances favour such a reconciliation. The descent of the Duke of EDINBURGH on the colony may perhaps afford the required *deus ex machina*, and unite all parties in loyal harmony.

But supposing this done, and done quietly, another question still remains. Is it desirable that this strong demarcation of privileges between the two Chambers should still exist? Why should not the Council and the Assembly have co-ordinate and co-equal powers in passing or rejecting money Bills? The objections to the recognition of such a principle in England are founded on traditions handed down from ages most dissimilar to our own; but even in England they are becoming fainter every year. The taxes are theoretically considered a free gift of the Commons alone; and "the concurrence of the Peers and the Crown is only necessary to clothe it with a legal form." This maxim evidently bears the traces of an epoch when the Commonalty and the Barons voted their subsidies in different bodies and at different times. Nowadays the taxes which the Commons impose, they impose upon Lords and Commons alike. Lords and Commons are equally concerned in their grant or their refusal. There is no reason, distinct from prejudice and sentiment, which is opposed to the interference of the Lords with money Bills; and there is infinitely less ground of opposition to the interference of a Colonial Council with the money Bills of a Colonial Assembly. In the colonies there are no special and historical associations connected with either Chamber. The second Chamber is created to prevent undue and hasty legislation, and to aid mature and considerate legislation. It might as well, and as reasonably, discharge this duty in the matter of a money Bill as of any other. In fact there are few money Bills which do not more or less involve questions of general policy, interesting to both branches of the Legislature. Thus its express function would often be most beneficially fulfilled by the amendment and modification of clauses in Bills which, either incidentally or exclusively, provide grants of money. Such an interposition would be wholly in accordance with the

general purposes of a Colonial Council, while the objection founded on its professed resemblance to the House of Peers only serves to bring out more strongly its essential dissimilarity, and to show the absurdity of the parallel. No colonist ever did or ever could see any resemblance between his Council and the English House of Lords. No colonist will ever recognise any just reason for assigning to one Chamber less powers than are possessed by the other. In a word, there is very little to say against the Council's dealing with money Bills, except that the Council is supposed to be a *quasi* House of Lords, and that in England the House of Lords is not allowed to deal with them. But if we are asked why the House of Lords should labour under this incapacity, we find ourselves unable to give a satisfactory reply; nor, if we look to the best and latest authority on the subject—the Resolutions of the Commons on the famous rejection of their Paper Duties Bill—do we find any argument stronger than the persistent assertion of a deeply-rooted and traditional jealousy.

#### CLAIMS.

HOW to estimate fairly one's own claims, in what cases to assert and in what manner to enforce them, are questions of sufficient difficulty and practical importance to be worth some reflection. We are not, of course, now referring to such claims as can be enforced by any sort of law; that is, in the enforcement of which the claimant can rely upon the interference in his favour of any third party. We are considering only the propriety of taking an active part in obtaining the fulfilment towards oneself of one's own ideal of any friendly relation. And at the very outset a question may be raised as to the wisdom of taking any such active part on one's own behalf at all. There is at first sight something seductive in the notion of making no claims whatever. It looks so much more dignified to stand entirely upon the defensive than to advance any claims which may possibly be disallowed. Either pride or diffidence, or that combination of the two which is so very common and so very inconvenient a quality, may lead to the adoption of this course. Too unconditional a determination to run no risk of failure—or, which comes to the same thing in practice, too low an estimate of the chances of success—tempts people of this temper to throw all the active part of any relation, all the advances, and therefore all risk of failure and shortcoming, on the other side. No doubt it is impossible to put forward any claim without exposing one's dignity to some degree of danger. But in this world there is no such thing as perfect safety to be had for any one's dignity; and to retreat, or even to stand still, may sometimes be as dangerous as to advance. Whatever people's theories may be, the experiment of making no claims at all can scarcely ever have been really tried. If anybody did consistently act upon such a plan, he would soon find that the rights which he never asserted were first disregarded, and then gradually forgotten by others, until his carefully cherished dignity had died of too much nursing. A more plausible reason for making no claims is found in its apparent generosity. True affection has been described as something which "*brama molto, poco spera, e nulla chiede.*" There may indeed be some relations in which such a phase of love is natural and becoming. But the generosity of an habitual and total abstinence from claims is even more questionable than its dignity. No course of conduct can be really generous which will not bear to be looked at from both sides. That which is unamiable on one side can never be mended by being, as it were, turned inside out. And a theory which makes it a part of friendship to ask nothing will not stand this test. It is only in a one-sided view of any friendly relation that it has even the appearance of generosity. And not only is it ungenerous to act as if one had all the generosity to oneself, but such conduct actually tends to stifle the goodwill which it ignores. We are curiously dependent upon each other's expectations. Ghosts, we know, cannot speak till they are spoken to; and there are many ghosts still in the flesh who are under similar difficulties—many modest and generous people who want only the opportunity of giving what they cannot volunteer. But not only does people's reluctance to volunteer kindnesses, confidences, or services in many cases vary in direct proportion to their delicacy, but the spirit of kindness or confidence seems often almost to be created by the demand for it. If people were but as generous in their expectations as they often are in their deeds, they would do twice as much good.

We have said that those claims with which we are at present concerned are such as cannot be enforced by any kind of law. And here we come to the great distinction between legal and social claims. As a general rule, legal claims are made upon the ground of some right which the claimant believes to be clear, though disputed; social claims upon the ground of a right which he believes to be undisputed, though not clear. Legal claims are put forward in opposition to those on whom they are made—the assumption being that the other side intend wrongfully to resist what they know to be just demands. Social claims are put forward for the approbation of those on whom they are made, and the assumption is that the other side need but to know the wishes and rights of the claimant in order willingly to comply with them. In neither case of course do these assumptions invariably coincide with the facts, but it is upon the appropriateness of one or other of them that the character of the demand depends.

Both in legal and in social matters there is a line which it is possible, though often difficult, to draw, beyond which the right of the claimant becomes doubtful. In legal matters it is within this line, in social matters it is beyond it, that it is expedient to make claims. To go to law is manifestly imprudent in proportion to the doubtfulness of the claim. To assert a social right is manifestly unnecessary and undignified in proportion to the degree in which that right is well ascertained. The obvious reason of course is that litigation assumes a hostile intention, and social relations assume a friendly intention.

The estimation of one's own undefined social rights thus appears to be a task from which there is no escape. But that the adjustment of one's own and other people's claims is no easy task will be evident when it is remembered that, in deciding questions of social law and equity, everybody must be judge, witness, and jury in his own case, and that he must decide them without the aid of any written law, and in almost all cases without reference to any kind of arbitration. Such perplexities do not in fact weigh heavily upon many people, partly because it is only a minority who aim at any great degree of accuracy in such matters, and partly because the want of any written law is made up for by precedents which lie close at hand in such superabundance that in all ordinary cases they are followed, not only unhesitatingly, but even unconsciously. Most people's conduct is so unvaryingly determined by common usage that they are not even aware of the existence of any doubtful questions arising out of the ordinary relations of every-day life, still less of the fact that their own decisions, when carried into execution, are contributing to the formation of that unwritten social law which is gradually built up by social precedents. In any decently civilized society there is a routine of good behaviour, which is followed by everybody as a matter of course. But it is in things which lie beyond the reach of routine that all the beauty of individual character is shown. And, in like manner, between every pair of friends there is a routine of friendly relations to depart from which is an actual breach of friendship, while beyond this is an ideal development of the relation to fall short of which is only failure. It is on the maintenance of a high ideal that all the charm and grace of any relation depends, and it is in the manner in which duties of imperfect obligation, of social or friendly relations, are regarded that all the difference between a high and a low ideal consists. It is on this debatable ground that the occasion arises for making claims—that is, as we have said, for taking an active part in obtaining the fulfilment towards oneself of one's own ideal of any relation, whether that relation be between oneself and society at large, or between oneself and an individual. That the common routine of good manners or of friendly relations, as the case may be, will be followed, may and should be taken for granted. To take any active part in claiming common courtesy from strangers, or common kindness from friends, would be undignified, if not uncivil. But if the cultivation of a high standard in our dealings with the world at large, or of a high development of particular friendships, be a matter of common interest to all concerned, it seems to follow that whoever possesses an ideal which is in any degree in advance of other people's ideal is bound as much as possible to make that advanced ideal common property. This contribution towards the common stock will take the form of example or of claim, according to the side on which the obligation falls. We are at present concerned only with claims—that is, with the course to be pursued by those who recognise an obligation towards themselves which is more or less binding upon, but not fulfilled by, others.

Suppose the difficulty of estimating any such claim to be overcome, there remain the questions whether, and if so in what manner, it should be preferred; and these two questions are so mixed up together that it is scarcely possible to consider them separately. We will offer some practical suggestions which bear upon both. In the first place, then, claims should always be made more or less under correction. Since it is only where there is room for a difference of opinion as to the extent of people's rights that the occasion for making them arises, it should never be forgotten that one's own opinion may be wrong. This is no reason for not asserting it, but a very good reason for asserting it only with submission; and with a willingness to abandon it should it, after consideration, be honestly disallowed by the other side. In the next place, it is essential to the usefulness of claims that they should be definite. Nobody ought to indulge in vague and undefined expectations from others. In making any kind of claim one ought to know exactly, and to let the other side see exactly, what it is that one wants. Otherwise there is no hope of the claim being either definitely responded to or definitely disallowed. Nothing is more vexatious for either party than a state of unsatisfied expectation which is allowed to become chronic for want of definition. In the next place, claims should as much as possible be made tacitly. Whenever it is advisable to leave open the way for a graceful retreat, words are awkward instruments. They live much longer in the memory than looks or manner, they are apt to be much more seriously misunderstood, and they have the inconvenience of being liable to repetition. They also cause much more friction in effecting their object, and to use them for the assertion of one's social rights would generally imply an unbecoming degree of exertion on one's own behalf. At the same time it is not always possible to dispense with them altogether, and it may be better to express a claim in words than not to assert it at all. But whatever instrument may be chosen for the purpose, and whatever other conditions may be observed or



neglected, there is one rule of universal application in the matter of claims. This is that they should be made consistently, or consistently abandoned. It is one of the most fruitful sources of danger to all friendly relations, and of pain and misunderstanding even where mischief of a more tangible kind is not done, that people put forward claims intermittently, and are aggrieved because they are not unvaryingly complied with; or even omit to make any claim at all, and show a posthumous sense of rights which they have practically abandoned by resenting other people's neglect of them. Since social law is unwritten, and built up chiefly from precedents, it should always be borne in mind that a very large extent all our social rights rest upon prescription; so that, on the one hand, a custom once established soon ripens into a right, and, on the other hand, a right which is not asserted soon falls into abeyance. Any one who acquiesces in unfair or unkind treatment, or in neglect, must remember that he is allowing a right of way to grow up, and that it will not be open to him to put a stop to the practice whenever his patience may happen to be exhausted. People who do not choose to assert their rights are of course at liberty to indulge their indolence, their timidity, or their modesty; but they must remember that the choice must be made once for all; they cannot eat their cake and have it. A demand which would have been perfectly reasonable if made in good time may become preposterous if long delayed, or if tacitly withdrawn and then again put forward without fresh grounds. Before people are generous in allowing their rights to be disregarded by others, they should count the cost, and make up their minds whether they can be just enough for ever after to hold their peace.

#### PLAIN GIRLS.

IT is beyond all question the tendency of modern society to regard marriage as the great end and justification of a woman's life. This is perhaps the single point on which practical and romantic people, who differ in so many things, invariably agree. Poets, novelists, natural philosophers, fashionable and unfashionable mothers, meet one another on the broad common ground of approving universal matrimony; and women from their earliest years are dedicated to the cultivation of those feminine accomplishments which are supposed either to be most seductive before marriage in a drawing-room, or most valuable after marriage in the kitchen and housekeeper's-room. It is admitted to be a sort of half necessity in any interesting work of fiction that its plots, its adventures, and its catastrophes should all lead up to the marriage of the principal young lady. Sometimes, as in the case of the celebrated Lily Dale, the public tolerates a bold exception to the ordinary rule on account of the extreme piquancy of the thing; but no wise novelist ventures habitually to disregard the prevalent opinion that the heroine's mission is to become a wife before the end of the third volume. The one ideal, accordingly, which romance has to offer woman is marriage; and most novels thus make life end with what really is only its threshold and beginning. The Bible no doubt says that it is not good for man to live alone. What the Bible says of man, public opinion as unhesitatingly asserts of woman; and a text that it is not good for woman to live alone either, though not canonical, is silently added by all domestic commentators to the Scriptural original. Those who pretend to be best acquainted with the order of nature and the mysterious designs of Providence assure us with confidence that all this is as it should be; that woman is not meant to grow and flourish singly, but to hang on man, and to depend on him, like the vine upon the elm. If we remember right, M. Comte entertains opinions which really come to pretty much the same thing. Woman is to be maintained in ease and luxury by the rougher male animal, it being her duty in return to keep his spiritual nature up to the mark, to quicken and to purify his affections, to be a sort of drawing-room religion in the middle of every-day life, to serve as an object of devotion to the religious Comtist, and to lead him through love of herself up to the love of humanity in the abstract. One difficulty presented by this matrimonial view of woman's destiny is to know what, under the present conditions in which society finds itself placed, is to become of plain girls. Their mission is a subject which no philosopher as yet has adequately handled. If marriage is the object of all feminine endeavours and ambitions, it certainly seems rather hard that Providence should have condemned plain girls to start in life at such an obvious disadvantage. Even under M. Comte's system, which provides for almost everything, and which, in its far-sightedness and thoughtfulness for our good, appears almost more benevolent than Providence, it would seem as if hardly sufficient provision had been made for them. It must be difficult for any one except a really advanced Comtist to give himself up to the worship of a thoroughly plain girl. Filial instinct might enable us to worship her as a mother, but even the noblest desire to serve humanity would scarcely be enough to keep a husband or a lover up to his daily devotions in the case of a plain girl with sandy hair and a freckled complexion. The boldest effort to rectify the inequalities of the position of plain girls has been made of late years by a courageous school of female writers of fiction. Everything has been done that could be done to persuade mankind that plain girls are in reality by far the most attractive of the lot. The clever authoress of *Jane Eyre* nearly succeeded in the forlorn attempt for a few years, and plain girls, with volumes of intellect speaking through their deep eyes

and from their massive foreheads, seemed for awhile, on paper at least, to be carrying everything before them. The only difficulty was to get the male sex to follow out in practice what they so completely admired in Miss Brontë's three-volume novels. Unhappily, the male sex, being very imperfect and frail, could not be brought to do it. They recognised the beauty of the conception about plain girls, they were very glad to see them married off in scores to heroic village doctors, and they quite admitted that occasional young noblemen might be represented in fiction as becoming violently attached to young creatures with ink fingers and remarkable minds. But no real change was brought about in ordinary life. Man, sinful man, read with pleasure about the triumphs of the sandy-haired girls, but still kept on dancing with and proposing to the pretty ones. And at last authoresses were driven back on the old standard of beauty. At present, in the productions both of masculine and feminine workmanship, the former view of plain girls has been resumed. They are allowed, if thoroughly excellent in other ways, to pair off with country curates and with devoted missionaries; but the prizes of fiction, as well as the prizes of reality, fall to the lot of their fairer and more fortunate sisters.

Champions of plain girls are not, however, wanting who boldly take the difficulty by the horns, and deny *in toto* the fact that in matrimony and love the race is usually to the beautiful. Look about you, they tell us, in the world, and you will as often as not find beauties fading on their stalks, and plain girls marrying on every side of them. And no doubt plain girls do marry very frequently. Nobody, for instance, with half an eye can fail to be familiar with the phenomenon, in his own circle, of astonishingly ugly married women. It does not, however, follow that plain girls are not terribly weighted in the race. There are several reasons why women who rely on their beauty remain unmarried at the last, but the reason that their beauty gives them no advantage is certainly not one. The first reason perhaps is that beauties are inclined to be fastidious and capricious. They have no notion of following the advice of Mrs. Hannah More, and being contented with the first good sensible Christian lover who falls in their way; and they run, in consequence, no slight risk of overstaying their market. They go in for a more splendid sort of matrimonial success, and think they can afford to play the more daring game. Plain girls are providentially preserved from these temptations. At the close of a well-spent life they can conscientiously look back on a career in which no reasonable opportunity was neglected, and say that they have not broken many hearts, or been sinfully and distractingly particular. And there is the further consideration to be remembered in the case of plain girls, that fortune and rank are nearly as valuable articles as beauty, and lead to a fair number of matrimonial alliances. The system of Providence is full of kindly compensations, and it is a proof of the universal benevolence we see about us that so many heiresses should be plain. Plain girls have a right to be cheered and comforted by the thought. It teaches them the happy lesson that beauty, as compared with a settled income, is skin-deep and valueless; and that what man looks for in the companion of his life is not so much a bright cheek or a blue eye, as a substantial and useful amount of this world's wealth. Plain girls again expect less, and are prepared to accept less, in a lover. Everybody knows the sort of useful, admirable, practical man who sets himself to marry a plain girl. He is not a man of great rank, great promise, or great expectations. Had it been otherwise, he might possibly have flown at higher game, and set his heart on marrying female loveliness rather than homely excellence. His choice, if it is nothing else, is an index of a contented and modest disposition. He is not vain enough to compete in the great race for beauties. What he looks for is some one who will be mother of his children, who will order his servants duly, and keep his household bills; and whose good sense will teach her to recognise the sterling qualities of her husband, and not object to his dining daily in his slippers. This is the sort of partner that plain girls may rationally hope to secure, and who can say that they ought not to be cheerful and happy in their lot? For a character of this undeniable sobriety there is indeed a positive advantage in a plain girl as a wife. It should never be forgotten that the man who marries a plain girl never need be jealous. He is in the Arcadian and fortunate condition of a lover who has no rivals. A sensible unambitious nature will recognise in this a solid benefit. Plain girls rarely turn into frisky matrons, and this fact renders them peculiarly adapted to be the wives of dull and steady mediocrity.

Lest it should be supposed that the above calculation of what plain girls may do leaves some of their power and success still unaccounted for, it is quite right and proper to add that the story of plain girls, if it were carefully written, would contain many instances, not merely of moderate good fortune, but of splendid and exceptional triumph. Like *prima donnas*, opera-dancers, and lovely milliners, plain girls have been known to make extraordinary hits, and to awaken illustrious passions. Somebody ought to take up the subject in a book, and tell us how they did it. This is the age of Golden Treasures. We have Golden Treasures of English poets, of French poets, of great lawyers, of famous battles, of notable beauties, of English heroes, of successful merchants, and of almost every sort of character and celebrity that can be conceived. What is wanted is a Golden Treasury containing the narrative of the most successful plain girls. The book might be called the Book of Ugliness, and we see no reason why, to give reality to the story, the portraits of some of the most remarkable might not be appended. Of course, if ever such a volume is compiled, it will be proved to demonstration that plain girls have

before now arrived at great matrimonial honour and renown. There is, for example, the sort of plain girl who nurses her hero (perhaps in the Crimea) through a dangerous attack of illness, and marries him afterwards. There is the class of those who have been married simply from a sense of duty. There is the class that distinguishes itself by profuse kindness to poor cottagers, and by reading the Bible to blind old women; an occupation which, as we know, from the most ordinary works of fiction, leads directly to the promptest and speediest attachments on the part of the young men who happen to drop in casually at the time. The catalogue of such is perhaps long and famous. Yet, allowing for all these, allowing for everything else that can be adduced in their favour, we cannot help returning to the position that plain girls have an uphill battle to fight. No doubt it ought not to be so. Cynics tell us that six months after a man is married it makes very little difference to him whether his wife's nose is Roman, aquiline, or retroussé; and this may be so. The unfortunate thing is that most men persist in marrying for the sake of the illusion of the first six months, and under the influence of the ante-nuptial and not the post-nuptial sentiments; and as the first six months with a plain girl are confessedly inferior in attraction, the inference is clear that they do in effect attract less. Plainness or loveliness apart, a very large number of womankind have no reason to expect any very happy chance in married life; and if marriage is to be set before all women as the one ideal, a number of feminine lives will always turn out to have been failures.

It may be said that it is hopeless to attempt on this point to alter the sentiments of the female sex, or indeed the general verdict of society. We do not quite see the hopelessness. A considerable amount of the matrimonial ideas of young women are purely the result of their education, and of the atmosphere in which they have been brought up; and, by giving a new direction to their early training, it might not be altogether so quixotical to believe that we should alter all that is the result of the training. At any rate it has become essential for the welfare of women that they should, as far as possible, be taught that they may have a career open to them even if they never marry, and it is the duty of society to try to open to them as many careers of the sort as are not incompatible with the distinctive peculiarities of a woman's physical capacity. It may well be that society's present instincts as regards woman are at bottom selfish. The notion of feminine dependence on man, of the want of refinement in a woman who undertakes any active business or profession, and of the first importance of woman's domestic position, when carried to an extreme, are perhaps better suited to the caprice and fanciful fastidiousness of men than to the real requirements, in the present age, of the other sex. The throng of semi-educated authoresses who are now flocking about the world of letters is a wholesome protest against such exclusive jealousy. The real objection to literary women is that women, with a few notable exceptions, are not yet properly educated to write well, or to criticize well what others write. Remove this objection by improving the curriculum of feminine education, and there is hardly any other. There is none certainly of sufficient consequence to outweigh the real need which is felt of giving those women something to live for (apart from and above ordinary domestic and philanthropic duties), whose good or evil fortune it is not to be marked out by heaven for a married life.

#### A PLEA FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING.

MR. CONGREVE in a pamphlet, and Mr. John Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*, have lately revived the chronic and intermittent controversy on Anonymous Journalism. The arguments on both sides have long since become threadbare, and the active, or half-indifferent, supporters of the present system have little reason to concern themselves with the defence of an institution which is partly justified by its obstinate existence. The peculiarity of the Comtist attack on the Press consists entirely in a characteristic desire to substitute coercion for argument. It is one proposition that political writers ought to sign their names, and another that they ought to be compelled to sign them. Certain modern Reformers, with admirable simplicity, follow the ancient practice of identifying every dogma which they propound with the establishment of an Inquisition to enforce its observance. Popery, Lutheranism, and Calvinism, were defended in the sixteenth century by their various adherents on the same easy assumption. There might be a question who should be imprisoned or burnt, but all sects concurred in holding that the true faith ought to be believed under stringent penalties. It is remarkable that Mr. Congreve and his followers do not think it worth while even to discuss the expediency of reversing all the modern principles of freedom. As soon as they have proved to their own satisfaction that political argument ought not to depend on its own merits, they pass at once to the inference that their own conclusion deserves and requires the sanction of law. The disciples of intolerant creeds have at all times satisfied themselves with the syllogism that evil ought to be prohibited; and that, as heterodoxy is an evil, therefore heterodoxy ought to be suppressed by law. It was better, according to the Dominican theory, that men should be burnt than that they should be damned; and Mr. Congreve dislikes the liberty of unlicensed printing quite as heartily as a Spanish monk could have detested a tendency to Protestantism or Judaism. In the true persecuting fashion, he is willing to concede every

liberty except the right which is for the moment in dispute. "No censorship, no legal restrictions on the freedom of statement of the Press, or its freedom of comment on men and measures," seem to Mr. Congreve desirable. He would only invoke the aid of the law to prevent political writers from discussing public affairs in the manner which has been hitherto found most convenient. The object is apparently not to check scurrility or slander, for Mr. Congreve is spitefully scurrilous and feebly slanderous, although he appends his name to his pamphlet; but it happens that the Press is almost unanimously opposed to Mr. Congreve's political doctrines, and, not venturing, perhaps not wishing, to demand that his adversaries shall be silenced, he hopes to embarrass them by assailing the form in which they happen to convey their opinions. To enact that a man shall not publish an article without a signature is as definite a restriction on his liberty of action as to require that he shall submit his composition to a censor, or that he shall furnish securities to Government. Mr. Congreve whimsically adds the condition that every writer shall state his age, with the object probably of enabling an injured Comtist to call him a presumptuous stripling or an obsolete dotard, if he is not in the prime of life. The French legislators of 1849 were much less extravagant than Mr. Congreve, and they were more candid. The Legislative Assembly never pretended that it had any object in requiring the signature of articles, except to diminish the influence of the newspapers, which had the year before mainly caused a disastrous revolution. The Imperial Government maintains the law as a restraint on the Press, although it has not yet avowed, like Mr. Congreve, an indiscriminate hostility to all anonymous writing. Books and pamphlets are not included in the restrictive enactment; and although the law remains on the statute-book, it is practically evaded, with the full knowledge of all readers and of the Government itself. The editorial secretary takes the responsibility of all articles which are furnished by official or obnoxious contributors; and the use of a conventional signature is but a form of anonymous publication.

Mr. Morley will perhaps, on reflection, admit that there is more than one fallacy involved in the suggested analogy between anonymous writing and secret voting. It may perhaps be true that an average journalist exercises more political influence than an ordinary voter; but the comparison ought to be made, not with a single person, but with one or many constituencies. Those who disapprove of vote by ballot object to a particular mode of electing the House of Commons, and not to the evasion of responsibility by an elector, or a score of electors. There is, however, a profounder sophism in the application of the same rule to the exercise of a public privilege and to a personal act. When it is proposed to impose legal penalties on a particular mode of expressing private opinions, it may be replied that no adversary of secret voting has ever demanded that a man should be sent to prison if he thinks fit to put a ball or a ticket into a ballot-box. The participation of the elector in the choice of the rulers of the nation is necessarily regulated by definite rules, and non-compliance with the conditions prescribed by law is punished, not with fine or imprisonment, but with the loss of the opportunity of exercising a definite privilege. These who consider the existing rules inexpedient have a right to agitate for a change; and in all voluntary or private transactions they have the fullest liberty of adopting the practices which they prefer. There is no law against a ballot at a club, or against the use of the same machinery by a party in a borough which may agree to select its candidate by a secret vote. If a leading article had any binding force, nothing could be more reasonable than a demand for the name of the writer. At present the journalist only attempts to persuade, and his arguments, according to the old illustration, are, like the bolt of the cross-bow, independent of the character of the author. His propositions or assertions of fact are in almost all cases in the nature of arguments, except when they are indisputably and notoriously true. New and special information is avowedly published on the authority of the editor, or of some correspondent who is responsible for the accuracy of his statements. If an anonymous writer says that a Minister is unwise, or a leader of Opposition injudicious, he is not supposed to communicate a fact, but to draw an inference from premises which are known to all the world. It may be added that there is no law against unsound opinions, or even against false statements which are not made for fraudulent purposes. In countries not yet governed on Mr. Congreve's system, legislators are content to restrain public and private wrong without troubling themselves to enforce morality, charity, or other positive virtues. The law of libel, as it is administered by judges who instinctively dislike the free comments of the Press, is at least sufficiently stringent. If the proprietors of the journals which are exposed to Mr. Congreve's shrill vituperation thought it worth while to have recourse to legal remedies, they might probably recover damages; and the signature of his name renders his calumnies a little more offensive, but not at all more amenable to law.

The immediate occasion of the recent assaults on the Press is furnished by the comments of various journals on Mr. Beesley's well-known speech in the matter of the Sheffield outrages. As there was no dispute about the accuracy of the report, the names of the writers were wholly irrelevant to the soundness of their criticisms. It is impossible to answer for a disputant who insists on knowing the age of his antagonist; but Mr. Morley, as a man of the world, can scarcely doubt that the censures on Mr. Beesley would have been equally strong if every article in every newspaper had been followed by a signature. Mr.



Beesley's sect, indeed, has defended him with instructive unanimity; but even his admirers are probably aware that he shocked the ill-informed moral sense of the rest of the community. If his language was inaccurately interpreted, the error can in no way be attributed to the absence of signatures; and, as Mr. Beesley's words were published, there was no room for misrepresentation. Mr. Morley complains that the *Times* failed to publish a letter from the Secretary of a Trades' Union to the effect that Mr. Beesley had, in confidential intercourse with the members of Unions, uniformly deprecated the crimes which he extenuated in public. It is possible that the defence may have been thought irrelevant to the accusation, but there is no occasion to undertake the case of a journal which is perfectly competent to take care of itself. It is more material to observe that, if every article in the *Times* had been signed, the omission of the Unionist letter would still have been equally practicable and equally probable. It would not be difficult to ascertain the name of the editor who was exclusively responsible for the decision which offends Mr. Beesley's friends. The charge against Mr. Beesley of having, to the utmost of his power, encouraged the Trades' Unions to disregard the public opinion which forms the strongest check on oppression and violence, has never received an approximate answer. It seems that in private he told the workmen, as he no doubt sincerely believed, that cruelty and murder were foolish and criminal; but in public he assured them that the crimes of their class were not worse than other crimes; and the audience understood that they were comparatively venial. The soundness of his advice that no more should be said about the Sheffield outrages was illustrated by the speech, at the same meeting, of a workman who protested that the crime of Broadhead was not worse than the crime of publishing certain articles in the *Times* which happened to be unpalatable to the speaker. Mr. Congreve's proposal has within a few days received a practical comment in the attempt of a Manchester Unionist to murder the publisher of a newspaper in revenge for certain unwelcome criticisms on the practices of the brick trade. Mr. Beesley ought by this time to be fully satisfied with the ready adoption of his advice; for it is evident that condemnation of Broadhead's eccentricities has not in his own class been carried to excess. As might be expected, Mr. Congreve fully identifies himself with Mr. Beesley, except as to one statement which he admits to be exaggerated. Few anonymous journalists can have committed so grave an offence against public morality as that of Mr. Beesley; and a reasoner of the rank of Mr. Congreve might almost deduce from his principles a demand for the suppression of a right of public speaking which could be so mischievously abused.

Temptations are attached to almost all modes of human action, and, amongst other occupations, to political controversy and criticism, whether the names of the disputants are avowed or concealed; but it is not the business of a legislator to abolish temptation. Anonymous journalists, as such, renounce ambition, or the objects of ambition; while it is at least possible that political writers who habitually publish their names may have personal as well as public reasons for their preference. It would be as unjust and as ill-bred to denounce Mr. Congreve's friends as political adventurers, as it is to apply his false and insolent title of "literary braves" to the contributors of the *Saturday Review* or the *Times*. "The editor of a paper," according to this not anonymous libeller, "works in secret; secretly and in safety issues his instructions to his instruments who for money carry them out—sinking, as the phrase is, their own personality in that of the paper for which they write. So that an individual may be ruined by men who risk nothing personally—some of whom may even have no personal feeling against him, but to whom the money they earn by his ruin is their livelihood. I declare that—system for system, crime for crime—this moral assassination of individuals or of classes is, in my opinion, the worse evil of the two." The hysterical exaggeration of Mr. Congreve's horror of criticism must excuse the scandalous confusion of his moral judgment as literally interpreted. When a writer formally declares that it is more wicked to write an article of which he disapproves in a newspaper than to shoot an unoffending neighbour in the back, it is both charitable and just to believe, in spite of his earnest protests, that he does not mean what he says. Mr. Congreve knows that it is impossible to become a regular contributor to any English newspaper except on the conditions which he denounces as criminal, and yet he absurdly declares that the universal practice of journalists is worse than the Sheffield murders. So excitable and inaccurate a writer naturally calumniates with the most unscrupulous exercise of imagination the objects of his fear and dislike. The description of an editor hiring agents to write falsehoods or libels for money is really not worth an exposure. Nearly all the occupations of life are pursued as means of livelihood, and there is no reason why contributors to a paper should write without pay. If Mr. Congreve's picture of an editor's office or study resembled the truth, the immorality of the process would be neither increased nor diminished by the universal practice of attaching signatures to articles. On the whole, Mr. Congreve's example confirms the probable supposition that a man who writes under his own name is more likely to be blinded by passion than any anonymous journalist.

Intolerance of independent criticism is especially unreasonable when it is displayed by a member of the party which has a monopoly of oral controversy. Mr. Congreve's friends are at liberty to answer the arguments of their opponents, appending or withholding their names at their discretion; but their opponents have no chance of making themselves heard at public meetings of

working-men. The orators of the Reform League and of kindred associations allow no expression of dissent on the platform; and when certain supporters of the Government attempted to hold a meeting of their own friends at St. James's Hall, Mr. Congreve's clients interrupted the proceedings, and expelled them with brutal violence. It is perhaps not, on the whole, inexpedient that editors and contributors should conduct their intercourse, as Mr. Congreve indignantly remarks, "in safety." Publishers seem in Manchester not to enjoy any extreme immunity.

If Mr. Congreve or Mr. Morley can convince the great body of readers that signatures render political articles more trustworthy, some journalists will, unless their occupation becomes personally dangerous, undoubtedly try the experiment, and their success will produce a more general adoption of the practice. There may be a legitimate difference of opinion on the subject, but there is no excuse for enforcing the adoption of either doctrine. The *Fortnightly Review*, in which the names of the contributors are published, has never been censured for the innovation, although other periodicals have not followed the example. Mr. Morley, as the editor, must probably have discovered that the use of signatures makes little practical difference in the composition, and that contributors write very much as they, or other men of letters, would write in anonymous journals. It would be a monstrous act of tyranny, on the part of those who defend the existing system, to insist that writers in the *Fortnightly Review* should be prohibited by law from disclosing their names. To be consistent, the advocates of repression should object to anonymous and irresponsible speaking; and Mr. Congreve is perfectly capable of requiring that a railway traveller should announce his name, age, and weight before he ventures on telling a fellow-passenger that he considers Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone a dangerous politician.

The maintenance of freedom is incomparably more important than the signature or non-signature of political writings; and the party to which the opponents of anonymous journalism mostly belong has often shown a disposition to extend the dominion of law over large spheres of action which have hitherto been exempt from external interference. The classes which chiefly value liberty have lost their political supremacy, and the minute despotism of Trades' Unions is not likely to be combined with political toleration. Mr. Congreve proposes "to set aside or modify into a more useful form the aristocracy of England, with its weak adjunct which men call a monarchy." No one disputes his right to promote a revolution by peaceful argument, but the demand that free discussion of his projects shall be restrained is at least premature. If robust intellects were not engaged in the same enterprise, it would scarcely be worth while to answer a writer who talks of "the literary braves of the *Saturday* and the *Times*," especially as he dates his lucubrations, in an unknown tongue, on 2 *Dante* 79. A simple arithmetical process suggests that 79 means 1789; and, except that a translation into human language is appended, it might have been suspected that 2 *Dante* was April Fool's day. A political writer who affects a special jargon, even when he deals with the day of the month and with the year, will never produce any impression in England; but Mr. Congreve, in his advocacy of tyrannical legislation, may indicate, as a weather-cock, that the wind is blowing from a dangerous quarter.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON HISTORY.

THE Archbishop of York, in an address to some Institute or other in his cathedral city, which went an inch or two further below the surface than such addresses usually do, showed that he is as deeply troubled in spirit now about historical literature as he was three years ago about the literature of fiction. He still groans and travails over the horrors and follies of sensation, but, over and above this tribulation, he is now additionally distressed by the evil manner in which he thinks history is studied. We ought, perhaps, rather to say by the manner in which history is going to be studied. These interesting apprehensions are prospective mainly, though Dr. Thomson sees little but evil in the spirit of the time already upon us. What with Miss Braddon, and what with Dr. Colenso and Ritualism, he has existing grounds enough to curse the age in which he has been born and been made an archbishop. It is, however, an uncommonly serious thing for anything to go wrong with history. Sensation novels perish; and, after all, the precise number of Israelites who encamped in the wilderness, and the difference between officiating in a black or in a pea-green stole, are not questions on which our remote posterity are likely to be led astray. But history is the sacred ark of the human race. Containing all that we know of the past, it is also our chief instrument for shedding light on the future. A man's theory of history, too, is in another shape his theory about morals, religion, the ends of existence, the nature of progress, and everything else in the world that lies outside of the man himself. Any corruption of this is a corruption of the whole substance of unselfish human interests and thoughts. Dr. Thomson, before he was an archbishop, was a philosopher, and he has therefore mastered the most important elementary lesson that in all epochs there is a common impulse, which imparts a common direction to all the channels which the activity of the human intelligence cuts out for itself. And he marks now a number of characteristics of the time, all of which betray the operation of a single spirit, and the prevalence of a single kind of philosophy. This, of course, is that materialism which has set in so strongly with the present generation. Men

have lost faith in abstract philosophy, and in the ability of the human mind to get beyond the classification and arrangement of phenomena. They have therefore devoted all their intellectual energies to phenomena, to the acquisition of physical knowledge, and the immense extension of this is pretty nearly the only achievement of the time. In every other field "the withering effects" of this straitened philosophy are visible enough, and too visible. Restrained from spiritual explorations, men have feared to travel beyond the bounds of the very narrowest and most purblind sense. In art, in every form of it, we have become intensely realistic. "The painter and the novelist are often content to reproduce with minute fidelity the facts of life as they are; and readers are led into haunts of sin, and taught how knaves cozen each other, and harlots live and die; because, forsooth, the picture is true, and it is the business of life to observe facts and phenomena as they are." In philosophy we see "a marked mistrust of all speculation about things beyond this world's limits." In social life even, men seek "a dull satisfaction free from all pain of intellectual effort in the saddle, and the fowling-piece, and the betting-booth, and the side box, and the snug corner at the tavern, with a kind of excuse when conscience can get in a word, that nothing is any longer certain, that sermons are dull, and authors differ, and that therefore nothing can be known; that faith in eating and drinking and all pleasant things is the only tenet unshaken," and so forth. Quiet people who are rather sick and weary of hearing their age and their country called by all the evil names that can be found under the sun, will probably think that this last is rather an excessive bit of fault-finding in the Archbishop. There is probably rather less than the average devotion to side boxes and snug corners at taverns; a discerning fault-finder would with more justice complain of a tender and lackadaisical vacuity than of any particular addition either to violent muscularity on the one hand, or to generous boozing on the other; and it is notorious that we go to the play a good deal less frequently than our forefathers used to do. And again, it is inconsistent to charge a philosophy which has just been accused of being more confident than it should be, and of having prescribed with a fallacious certainty the things which we may know, and how we may know them, with persuading men "that nothing is any longer certain."

Let us turn, however, to the grounds and meaning of the Archbishop's nervousness upon the subject of history. In history he sees, with a pain which would be most natural and creditable if the facts were as he states them, "a disbelief in all high motives, a careful avoidance of all admission of a divine ruler of the world and man." Surely it is this kind of talk which puts bishops, and the kind of clergy who are like bishops, out of court in so many of the questions in which laymen are interested, and which they like to discuss, or to hear or see discussed. They are so anxious to introduce what we may style the Tract element into all kinds of literature. The theological substratum of life is never allowed to be quietly assumed. You must set forth all your religious axioms or postulates, which you have never thought of disbelieving or denying, but which happen to strike you as irrelevant to the matter in hand. What Dr. Thomson calls the avoidance of an admission of the divine government of the world ought surely to be construed charitably rather as a reluctance to introduce theological topics into purely secular matters, when whatever relation there might be between the two would clearly be taken for granted. Is not the Archbishop's complaint rather like the sigh of a pious old lady over the wickedness of a time when people accept an invitation to drink tea without inserting the saving clause, D.V.? In social life everybody now treats the insertion of these letters as a bit of sheer cant. It is understood that without the permission of the Ruler of the Universe nothing happens, and to call attention to your own resolute recognition of this fact is thought to be equivalent to inviting your neighbours to recognise how much deeper your piety is than theirs. The probability is that the people who do use D.V. have a great deal less sincere conviction of the truth implied by the formula than many who would think themselves very Pharisaical and pretentious if they did use it. We should expect very poor and unpleasant company if a man should write to say that he would dine with one next Wednesday at half-past seven, D.V., with much pleasure. And in the same way, we should not expect very good work from an historian who should take every chance of plucking his reader by the sleeve, and vowing that he believed Almighty God to be the source and spring of all the actions and events that he was engaged in narrating. No geometrical treatise would be used in schools which should set forth that it was by the permission of the Creator that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side. It would be felt that such intrusion of theological matter was an impertinence and a stumbling-block. Dr. Thomson admits, no doubt, that God rules the universe through laws and methods, some of them ascertainable, and some of them as yet hidden and inscrutable. The business of the man of science, whether metaphysical or physical or moral, is to ascertain these; of the historian to set forth with all industry and freedom the order of the facts which exhibit these methods in the action of men; and so on throughout the whole encyclopedic circle of knowledge.

There is another side to this, also, which Dr. Thomson appears to have overlooked, or else to have very much under-estimated its importance. Those who most thoroughly understand the temper of their time agree that that scepticism and unbelief and misbelief which the clergy have to deplore are mainly the result of the diffi-

culties which this injudicious intrusion of theological matter occasions. To insist upon certain literal interpretations of given phrases and texts is to invite doubt in the minds of persons to whom the lessons and training and methods of physical science are accessible. In the same way, to insist constantly upon the immediate, direct, especial interposition of God in the affairs with which history is concerned, will be to provoke much inconvenient criticism. For if the historian is to be at every turn inviting the attention of his readers to the fact that events only occur as they are ordained and directed by heaven, the perplexing and ever insoluble question of the permission of the existence and triumph of evil will be brought into a prominence that nobody believes to be desirable. It will be at once odd and incongruous if Dr. Thomson's historian, after narrating the horrors of the Reign of Terror, of the Napoleonic wars, of the Albigenian and Piedmontese and Spanish persecutions, of the Crusades, of Timour, of the wars of Mahometan conquest, of the Thirty Years' War, and so forth, should avail himself of each of these occasions to expatiate upon the direct and habitual interposition of God in the government of the world. Was it not this way of treating history in the last century, by divines, which led very directly to the style of Voltaire and Gibbon? Is there any reason to suppose that a return from present methods to this antique fashion would fail to raise up new Voltairians?

Then as to the obliteration from history of moral distinctions and the prevalence of a disbelief in all high motives. Is there any living historian who writes as if moral distinctions were a farce? Does Mr. Grote, for example, decline to pass judgment from a moral ground upon the conduct of this or that personage in Greek history? Or does he evince a disbelief in high motives? Dr. Thomson knows the *History of Greece* from his old Oxford days a great deal too well to allege anything of the kind. Mr. Maine, again, perhaps the most eminent living master of the historic method—*are distinctions of right and wrong mere nomimum umbra* with him? Take even Mr. Buckle, who is rather absurdly regarded in England as the very type of a thoroughly secular and methodic historian. Nobody who remembers the arrogant denunciations, on moral grounds, which abound in the *History of Civilization*, will accuse the writer of forgetting all about right and wrong, high motives and low. Refer, for example, to his abuse of the French nobles of the old régime for their vanity, frivolity, and general worthlessness. We have not space to go through the list of writers of the school to which Dr. Thomson refers; and we do not, moreover, deny that many of them have abundant faults alike of expression and of method. But they are not those faults of a low and gross morality which he lays at their door. It is surely absurd, in the face of the recent historic works in Germany, in France, and in our own country, to talk of the modern historian being a frigid being, "affecting the part of a curious inquirer examining strange specimens of humanity preserved in a museum." The admission that morality is progressive—the Archbishop does not doubt this, at any rate—does not preclude us from pronouncing a man who falls below the morality of his own time, whatever level that may have reached, to be a bad and immoral man. The author of a very good little book on logic will not contradict us here. On the whole, then, we fancy morality is not in much danger, and we would beseech the Archbishop to let us assuage his alarms.

#### GASTRONOMY IN THE EAST.

THE Honourable T. J. Hovell-Thurlow, in one of the new passages in the "corrected and revised" reprint of that most ludicrous of books *The Company and the Crown*, is pleased to remark, with his usual felicity of expression, that the "recent famine in Orissa has served well to illustrate the astounding ignorance in England concerning India"; and although we do not very well see how starvation in one place can illustrate want of knowledge in another, or, granting that Mr. Thurlow has a meaning, how it can truthfully be said that on this occasion English statesmen were behind the Anglo-Indian authorities, we prefer to drop these considerations altogether, and candidly to admit that the word "astounding" is not a bit too strong for the *crassa ignorantia* too generally prevailing—of which, by the by, no more conclusive proofs could have been supplied than by the fact of *The Company and the Crown* having attained a second edition. This ignorance is perhaps more remarkably displayed in reference to the minor details of our countrymen's way of living in the East than on points of greater importance. We suspect, for instance, that nine out of ten of the fond parents and aunts and sisters who look for the arrival of the overland mail with such affectionate impatience, and are really quite learned about batta and bonuses, the furlough rules and pukka appointments, have ideas the most hopelessly vague regarding such ordinary matters as the daily commissariat arrangements of their distant correspondents. We have indeed fallen in with one lady of more than average intelligence who was quite contented to believe that her son and his wife were fed daily on prawn curry, pickled mangoes, and pale ale, and that her interesting grandchild imbibed chutney from its feeding-bottle. Now it so happens that we ourselves are advanced considerably beyond this blissful state of half-knowledge; but being distrustful of our memory, and anxious to be posted up to the latest state of progress, we requested an occasional correspondent in those regions to send us one or two of the bills of fare of his regimental



These interesting documents are now before us, and, when fairly transcribed, the originals will be lodged with the Secretary of State for India, for deposit in the archives of his department. On the 12th of June, 1867, the officers of the 121st Native Infantry commenced their dinner with *giblet* as their "potage." Their "entrées" were *crumb chops, bubble and squeak, hashed loaf* (whatever that may be), and *bacon and eggs*. Their "joints" (we copy *verbatim et literatim* the nomenclature and classification of the original) were *roasted ducks, cold corned beef, and cold boiled bacon*. The "curries" were *eggs and vegetable*. The "second course" consisted of *red herrings, ramakin toast, and boiled lime pudding*. Their "dessert" was *preserved ginger and biscuits*. Now, considering that in all likelihood the mess was composed of no more than seven or eight persons, we think it will be admitted that they were tolerably well supplied, and that this document removes all apprehension of the famine in Orissa having extended to the banks of the Cauvery. Three days afterwards, however—on the 15th of June, 1867—the expansive genius of the caterer took a higher flight, and the same gentlemen, or as many of them as survived, partook of the following:—"Potage," *julienne*. "Entrées," *tripe, hashed sheep's head, baked trotters, and haggis*, followed up, as we almost blush to record, with *mutton chops on gridiron*. The "joints" were *roasted leg of mutton, boiled fowls, and boiled Europe bacon*. The "curries" were *mutton dry and vegetable*. The "second course" was *red herring, woodcock toast, raspberry and currant tart, cream and cutlets*. The "dessert" is left blank, it being probable, one would suppose, that before its arrival the majority must have been carried off to the regimental hospital. But just think of the five *plats* which are here included under the head of *entrées*! To do them full justice, it must not be forgotten that the thermometer would be at 90°, and the regimental band be playing its loudest strains. Sam Rogers used to say that Paradise, according to his ideas, must be a perpetual eating of *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets, and we have always thought it probable that the employment in the other place must be eating haggis to the sound of bagpipes.

Rough profusion of this sort was not confined in former days to military messes at single stations. One of the ablest Chief Justices that ever adorned the Indian Bench has often been heard to relate how, at the dinner to which he was invited on his first arrival by one of Sir Thomas Munro's councillors, a huge round of boiled beef and dumplings was one of the corner dishes, and, the hot winds raging at the time, a horse-keeper's stable-lantern was handed round to fire the brandy over the mince pies! A correspondent of our industrious little contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, is at this present moment inquiring what Jeremy Taylor could have meant by "Cisalpine suckets or goblets of condit bull's flesh"; but, had he been present at a mid-day repast which was given to the late Sir Mark Cubbon by the Superintendent of the most outlying district of his great charge, he would have been at no loss to realize the grand old bishop's description. There were only six persons present, but an ox had to be slaughtered for the occasion, and every morsel of the carcase in different forms was piled upon the groaning table. The steam from this seething hecatomb of suckets and goblets of condit bull's flesh curled high above the board, and when the meal was concluded the grey-bearded old butler came up to one of the guests, whom he had previously known, and asked him if that was not indeed a dinner to be proud of. The vanity of servants of this description was often displayed in amusing ways. We have before us, as we write, a remonstrance from one who had been recently discharged, in which he says:—

During the nine years I have been in your honour's service I have obtained increased fame in this cantonment by providing for lords, marquises, and earls, with their ladies and children, including civilians from England and the three Presidencies, and the most distinguished officers of the staff, and pronounced to be unrivalled. If, as a public test, the fourscore butlers of this place be brought together and called upon to make a bill of fare for fifty or a hundred gentlemen, I alone will prove competent to furnish that fare bill without a cook's assistance.

Under *chefs* like these it will easily be imagined that dishes of a remarkable nature are occasionally placed upon the table. In one of the Duke of Wellington's early letters he tells us how some officers of the Regiment de Meuron asked him to partake of *Ris au bazar*. We must leave our readers to discover the nature of this peculiar form of sweetbread. Colonel Gurwood is silent on the subject, and the present Duke and Mr. Montgomery Martin display an equal degree of reticence.

One consequence of the difficulty of obtaining qualified cooks is that the masters themselves are frequently obliged to put their hands to the work, and there is hardly a station of the army in which some officer is not to be found with quite a little reputation for his skill in compounding some particular dish. Louis XVIII., we know, invented the "trufes à la purée d'ortolans," and was in the habit of preparing them with his own hands; and Dean Stanley tells us that that distinguished early father, St. Jerome, did not think it below him to give directions for the proper boiling of a pheasant, so that its form might be completely preserved. In India we have heard that it is no uncommon thing for an invitation to a *tiffin* to conclude with "We have asked Jones to come, and we'll get him, if we can, to make one of his stews." On these occasions, supposing him to be in good humour, the great amateur may be observed seated at a large table with a timed cooking-pot in front of him; sauces, pickles, and condiments of every description are on either hand; young men, and old men too, are grouped around, some leaning on their billiard-cue, others craning their necks from the whist table, and one or

two, aspirants probably to a reputation of a similar sort, are attentively watching, in a sort of envious despair, the mysterious workings of the great artist. We have been told of one "eminent hand" in this line who, when prevented by a richly-earned gout from the personal performance of his "noble task," has been heard to hiss out, from between teeth grinding in agony, the emphatic injunction, *Aur crumb lugao*—Put in more crumbs. He afterwards died the death of a gallant soldier behind the wretched entrenchment at Cawnpore; but traditions of his skill, and the *con amore* style in which he exercised it, will long linger in the memories of his brother officers of the Bengal Artillery, and of many besides. We forget the name of the celebrated Frenchman who died lamenting that he went to the grave without having had a dish called after him. The immortality thus longed for has been obtained by an old Indian General whose memory will remain green so long as "Tapp sauce" continues to be relished; and the same may be said of a member of the present House of Commons, who happily still survives to enliven the House with speeches hardly less pungent in their way than the admirable sauce on which his early fame was founded. Reputations of an inferior and more fleeting nature have occasionally been acquired by the successful cultivation of English vegetables. We have heard various anecdotes of achievements in this line, but none to equal the boast of the late General Pattlo, the cavalry officer celebrated by Sir William Napier in the *Conquest of Scinde*, who used to relate that thirty Government elephants were missing for a whole month at Meerut, and at the end of that period were discovered "hidden among my green peas."

But of all the distinguished Indian gourmets the most pleasant to write about is the late Colonel Davidson of the Bengal Engineers, the author of a *Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India*, which, with the single exception of the Honourable Emily Eden's delightful journal, is to our thinking the most agreeable book of Indian reminiscences ever laid before the public. He was a man of considerable wit and pleasantry, thoroughly conversant with the native character, speaking Hindustani as if it were his own tongue, and a most keen observer of men and manners. But above all he was a most accomplished cook, and is never weary of recalling the circumstances which elicited any remarkable display of his skill or his taste, from the "long affectionate boiling" of a wild goose to the eloquent apostrophes which he never failed to address to Colin of Nantes on the occasion of opening one of his truffled *pâtés*. Strange to say, the concoction in which he considered himself unapproachable, and on which he is evidently inclined to rest his fame, is that not very recondite matter, "a rich bread sauce." But any one who knows the all-important part which game birds of every description play at an Indian table, and the atrocious nature of the poultice-like compound which native cooks invariably serve under that simple name, will easily understand that few things would be more generally acceptable. One hunting-party on which he particularly dwells took place among the jungles on the frontier of Oude, and consisted of General Churchill, who fell at Maharajpore, with his wife and daughter; General Careton, who was killed in the Punjab; two other officers of the 16th Lancers, one of whom has since become celebrated in another and less enviable way; and Colonel Davidson himself:—

We dressed and sat down to dinner. The *rôtis* had disappeared; wine had been drunk all round; but instead of the lively chat, there arose a dull expectant hum. It was evident that the feelings of the party were highly excited. Eyes were constantly directed to the door of the tent, facing the *batterie de cuisine*, where it was well known that I had been exercising my skill. At last, when patience was nearly exhausted, the servants, with unusual stateliness and solemnity of manner, bore in a huge saucepan, in which I had carefully prepared a rich bread-sauce. The conversation wholly ceased—the black partridges were rapidly dismembered. "Shall I send you any of the sauce?" "Thank you, most certainly!" It was liberally dispensed to all; and, as I had expected, one joyous universal burst of delight and surprise resounded through the dark grove. They felt that they were sitting in the presence of a master mind. "Capital! most capital! Never in England ate anything half so delicious! Superb, superb indeed!" In fact it was what in the Scotch kirk they designate a *harmonious call*. My spirit was soothed. It was clear that my talent had not been wasted on insensates. Happy, thrice happy is he who can thus command the sincere praise by increasing the enjoyments of his fellow-creatures!

We cannot conclude better than by quoting the gallant Colonel's generous tribute to the merits of the mahaseer, the salmon of the Indian waters. It would be a sin to attempt to abridge it:—

After sitting a quarter of an hour, discussing many important topics, we returned to my friend's tent, where, at a proper hour, we sat down to part of a large boiled mahaseer. I have eaten most of the *civilized* fish, such as the salmon, cod, skate, turbot, flounders and flukes, perch, pike, carp, pomfret, bumble, shark, dolphin and cuttle-fish, bectee, mango, and hilsa, and scores of others; but I have never eaten anything so delicious as was this glorious mahaseer! My friend, whether out of the most exalted generosity or the most lamentable ignorance, though he is certainly fully capable of the former feeling, of his own accord presented me with the head and shoulders. It was one of the largest I had ever seen. To devour the whole, at starting, seemed an impossibility, but I accomplished it, and, even now, the recollection soothes me! The palate was two full months, the large fat eyes were a mouthful each, the brain another—never ending, still beginning—luscious and yet unsatisfying! Reader, if you are an epicure, and yet never ate the head and shoulders of a large fresh boiled mahaseer, hie thee to Hardwar; get Kirke to catch one for you; ask him to dinner; let your claret be well cooled; and if I be in the neighbourhood, and you wish to enjoy a good meal and pleasant talk, send for me, and I'll engage that you shall go to your repose in a charming frame of mind. If you forget me, that will be my fault, but the memory of that fish will enchant and enslave you through life! You will mention it to your sons when they come out as cadets!

When Mr. Kaye was writing the *Lives of Indian Representative Men*, why did he not include Colonel Davidson?

## IRISH BISHOPS.

**A** GREGARIOUS—not to say gregarine—impulse seems to have seized on all the Bishops in the world at the same time. Much as it is the way of sheep to huddle together under a hedge, so do the various Hierarchies meet and bleat. Lambeth is capped by Dublin—if it is in Dublin that what is sonorous styled the Irish Hierarchy has just met in council. The occasion has been seized, or perhaps it has been feigned, of Lord Stanley's alleged communication to Cardinal Antonelli, for the Roman Bishops in Ireland to put forth, not an address to their flocks, but a sort of political memorandum, or manifesto, for it is not couched in the shape of a Pastoral. The shepherds do not address anybody in particular, but only deliver their own souls. On one account their mode of address is a pleasant innovation on the typical sermon pastoral. There is no unction about it. But what the sacred text wants, the authorized commentators are ready to supply in abundance; and, as in many Bible commentaries, the thin stream of authoritative declaration, which is plain enough, is already made to flow through vast meadows and flowing wastes of amplification and explanation. Cardinal Cullen has already illustrated the Episcopal revelation by an authorized gloss, which, like most other commentaries, diverges far enough from its subject.

We have said that the rumour of communications between the Cabinet of London and Rome may perhaps have been launched in order that some such declaration as this of the Bishops might have a decent excuse; and we think this explanation possible, because it is not likely that the Government should have committed itself to overtures to the Holy See, and in any case it is not very clear why the Foreign Secretary should have been entrusted with the task of attempting to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, while it is scarcely within Cardinal Antonelli's province to arrange a Concordat with the British Government. Not that we are prepared to say that some attempt at negotiation with Rome may not have been thought of by Lord Derby, or more likely by Mr. Disraeli, and the official contradiction of the rumour only goes to the extent of denying Lord Stanley's actual action. At any rate the Irish Bishops assume a knowledge on the subject which must result rather from some divine and special inspiration than from any facts, when they assert without qualification that they know "that the Government and Parliament are preparing to deal by law with the Irish Protestant Church Establishment." Nothing is more probable than some attempt in this direction; but if the Bishops knew this, we should like to be informed where they got their knowledge. What, however, the Bishops wanted was only some excuse for keeping up a grievance; and they have availed themselves of it. It is only the old, old story of Ireland; to use their own typical language, they will be kilt, and nobody shall help them. The very first rumour of a peace-offering, the vaguest suspicion of an attempt at accommodation, is enough to set the Hierarchy roaring and bellowing at the distant prospect of peace. The Irish Establishment is a wrong, a robbery, an insult, a tyranny, an injustice, a fountain-head of bitterness, and all the rest of it. The Catholics have a rightful claim to the restoration of the property and revenues of which they have been unjustly deprived. All sorts of exceptions may be and are taken to this view of the matter. But let it stand. As a view it must have some meaning, some sense, some force. And the only meaning of a shriek against your neighbour for wilfully keeping you out of your property is that he wants to get it back again. This is common sense and common justice. If the Church property in Ireland does not belong to the Reformed Church, it belongs to the Unreformed Church; and, if so, the State has no right to deal with it. But this is just the position to which the Bishops will not commit themselves, though it is precisely the argument which they do urge in Italy and in Austria, and have over and over again urged in Spain and Portugal, and in every country of Europe. What is everywhere but in Ireland held to be the sin of sacrilege is the appropriation of any purpose whatever, except to its lawful and undoubted use, of Church property. Either the revenues of the Established Church are Church property, or they are not. If they are, it is sacrilege to apply them to the relief of the poor, or to education, or to State purposes; but this sin the Irish Bishops not only connive at, but recommend and invite. But if these revenues are not Church property at all, then it follows that the Bishops are guilty of great impertinence in interfering in what is no concern of theirs. No doubt it sounds all very fine to talk about relinquishing rights, and making sacrifices, and being content to be robbed and spoiled, and professing to be very liberal towards the poor; but we cannot forget that the most liberal person towards the poor, at least the person who affected the most liberality on record, was Judas Iscariot. No doubt the parallel does not strictly hold. Cardinal Cullen and his suffragans do not bear the bag; but to give to the poor the patrimony of the Church may be only a specious form of robbery. We are sorry to be so suspicious about the benevolence and charity of the Bishops; but, when they distinctly urge the appropriation of the whole ecclesiastical property of Ireland for the benefit of the poor, we as distinctly say that we do not believe in the sincerity of this recommendation. For, first, they know that such a measure is totally out of the question. It would be mere secularization, and a direct gift to the landlords; and when we come to a practical explanation of what is meant by this abundant charity, it only becomes more certain that the Bishops cannot mean

what they say. Is it to supersede the Poor-law relief? It seems so, because the present State system of the Poor Laws is "administered on the principles of a hard-hearted political economy," such is Dr. Cullen's language. Whatever the evils of the Established Church in Ireland, relief of the poor—especially of Irish pauperism—not administered on the principles of a hard-hearted political economy, but on the principles of a soft-hearted ecclesiastical non-economy, would be ten thousandfold greater. A whole nation pauperized; bribes held out to idleness and unthrift; and a kingdom given up to district-visiting by the Irish priests, with a million or so annually to spend on the industrious tradesman falling into difficulties, and the honest householder only content to receive secret doles at clerical hands—this is what appropriation for the benefit of the poor means. Society has experienced many curses, and Ireland has had more than its share of wrongs; but its worst curse and its heaviest wrong would be this Irish remedy for an Irish grievance. And the Bishops know this as well as we do; and when they say that this is the true cure for Ireland, they only adopt an offensive and foolish way of saying that they do not intend that Ireland should be cured.

But this is the way of Bishops. At this very moment the Austrian Bishops are doing exactly what the Irish Bishops are doing. They will have no compromise and no arrangement. In Vienna and in Dublin the Hierarchy meet, and issue addresses, and adopt resolutions, and by anticipation make it impossible for any Ministry to do them service. What is happening to Baron von Beust is what will happen to Lord Derby, Lord Russell, or anybody else. The only solution of a grave political necessity which statesmen can get from ecclesiastics of the true Roman type is a simple blank impossibility. And an impossibility is always at hand; the region of impossible things has no limits; while, with the convenient salvo of "under the circumstances of the country," to use the Cardinal's phrase, it is always open to the Roman divines to make that a sin in one country which is a blessing in another. A State provision for the Roman clergy in Ireland has always been looked forward to by statesmen, from Pitt downwards, as the true policy of England. Such a provision is accepted by the Church in France, in Belgium, in Spain, and even in Italy; not always, in all these countries, under the same conditions, but still it is accepted, and the system is worked without sin. Why should it not be accepted in Ireland? The Cardinal tells us that he does "not condemn the practice of State support in other countries"; only he will not have it for Ireland. If not, why not? except that right and duty vary according to political necessities, and that Ireland's necessity, in his Eminence's estimation, is not to be at peace, not to be benefited, not to be reconciled.

Not that the thunder of the Irish Hierarchy has grown for us in England alone. The Ilion of Rome is troubled with false brethren, as the Church in apostolic times was. There are Irish Romanists who are content to be logical and consistent, and who still uphold the indefeasible rights of the Church, and the Church alone, to Church property. Mr. De Vere, and at least one Bishop, desire to keep the revenues of the Church from secularization, and would even consent to give the Establishment and the Presbyterians their share in the endowments. It is probably to meet these sensible attempts at pacification, and to answer the Social Congress Association, that the assembled Bishops are now so very thoughtful about the best means of increasing the supply of Irish beggars. Indeed, they may have intended to make their obstinacy and impracticability felt even further, and in a more authoritative quarter. In the last resource there has been now and then an occasional and ignominious exercise of common sense in the Vatican, and there are at Rome those who might find it convenient to forget the tumid language of the Propaganda in 1833. The *non possumus* of Italy, and for Italy, is not necessarily of universal application; and it was, perhaps, to make the Pope's acceptance of any Parliamentary compromise impossible, that Cardinal Cullen and his Bishops have spoken. It remains to be seen whether their zeal will be considered officious and premature at Rome, and how far the Pope will be thankful to the Irish zealots for proclaiming and insisting on that voluntarism which certainly finds no favour in Italy. However, as it is most likely that the Bishops were actuated by no deeper motives, and have contemplated no more refined policy, than to do their best to frustrate any arrangement for their own advantage and the cause of their country, they may perhaps be congratulated on having achieved a mischievous success.

## UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACES.

**I**T is known that, according to many moralists of an old-fashioned school, the practice of idolatry still survives. One man makes an idol of wealth, and another man sacrifices health and property on the altar of rank or fashion; but we need not continue in a strain which our readers have possibly heard in another place. It is enough to remark that the tendency is displayed in its most conspicuous form amongst the young; whether it is that they are more capable than their elders of an unreasonable enthusiasm, or that their folly is brought into bolder relief because it is excited by a different class of objects from our own. Of all Juggernauts destructive of young men's bodies, none, if we may believe some writers, crushes so many victims as the god, whatever his name may be, of rowing. He is worshipped at our Universities with a fanaticism of which it is difficult in later years to recall any adequate impression. There are many undergraduates whose whole



minds—so far as they have minds—and whose whole physical energies are absorbed in rowing. It is true that they are conscious of certain hindrances to their favourite pursuit in the shape of lectures, examinations, and attendance upon chapel; for no man can entirely free himself from minor troubles in his passage through this world. The most ardent enthusiast has at times to think of his dinner, and his clothes, and other subliminal necessities; and the keenest oarsman that ever stepped into the University boat must, as it were, pay some sacrifices to the hostile divinities, and devote a certain amount of time and trouble to satisfying unreasonable tutors and other persecutors of industrious youth. But that does not prevent him from esteeming it the highest object of human ambition to be entitled to wear the light or dark blue, and from looking upon the President of the University Boat Club as, on the whole, the foremost man, for the time being, in all these islands. There are some good and bad points about this singular fanaticism on which there is no reason, at the present moment, for dwelling at length. The *Times*, however, which so amiably provides little controversies to amuse us during the dull season of the year, has allowed an eminent surgeon to bring forward a common accusation against the practice in its columns. Mr. Skey has given the weight of his authority to a charge to which all old University oarsmen are pretty well accustomed. He says that the prolonged exertion of the annual contest from Putney to Barnes is a frequent cause of heart disease; he declares—not, it is true, from personal observation—that the “collegians,” as the outside world apparently calls them, are frequently unable to rise from their seats; and that, even when they do not feel the effort at the time, the seeds of future disease are frequently laid. He argues that the training by which they are prepared for the race often increases the evil, simply, as we understand him, because it involves a frequent rehearsal of the dangerous performance; and that the muscular system is constantly developed at the expense of the vital organs, so that apparent strength is not a sufficient guarantee that a man is fit to undergo the trial. All this has frequently been said before, though perhaps not with the same authority. There are many legends floating amongst undergraduates—most of them, so far as we have been able to test them, of as little value as the majority of undergraduate legends—to the effect that certain celebrated crews have died to a man within a few years; and there are individual cases, of much less doubtful authenticity, where the seeds of disease may be distinctly traced to over-exertion in rowing. There is indeed a strong *a priori* probability that a pursuit followed with so much eagerness by young men, on whom the very notion that they are liable to any kind of illness has not yet dawned, must lead to much imprudence, and occasionally to very serious results. When a man has not learnt by practical experience what it is to derange any internal organ, when he only knows by tradition that there are such things as indigestions or rheumatic pains, it is very hard to persuade him to be tolerably careful; and the undergraduate has still enough of the schoolboy about him to take a positive delight in anything that is likely to do him injury. Therefore, when Mr. Skey warns us of the possible evils resulting from over-exertion in rowing, he gives a warning which is intrinsically probable, and is certainly worth attention. But when he states that the University boat-race, as at present arranged, is a cruelty to young men, which ought to be suppressed with a strong hand, we must suggest a few extenuating circumstances for which—perhaps from want of personal experience in the matter—he does not seem to have made sufficient allowance. So much nonsense has been talked about the race, there has been such a gush of exaggerated eloquence about the many virtues which it implies, that we are rather shy of adding our tribute of admiration. Still, when all has been said, and every proper deduction made, for the extreme estimate of some enthusiasts, we confess to a weakness for our annual display. When it is not injured by overstrained eulogy, we are ready to admit that in many respects it is an amusement very creditable to our undergraduates, and not to be discouraged except on very weighty grounds.

In the first place, then, it must be remarked that it is difficult to ascertain what is the precise value of the cases sometimes quoted. As Mr. Skey says himself, the muscular power is not a safe index to the general strength of constitution; and, if a well-known oarsman afterwards proves to be constitutionally weak, it is generally set down to the fact of his having rowed, though it may be that his strength was always exaggerated. Rowing, indeed, is made the scapegoat to bear very much blame that does not fairly come to its share. It is like salmon, or the last cigar, which accounts for the headache on the day after an exuberant dinner; it has a much more innocent and respectable sound than some others that might be mentioned. Moreover, when rowing is really a concurrent cause of the evil, it is generally the only one avowed. If a man celebrates his triumphs on the river by indulging in a course of debauchery afterwards—for example, by being more or less drunk for a week—it is no wonder that it does him harm. We hope that such cases are becoming rarer, though we have known of their occurrence; and it requires no ghost nor surgeon to tell us that an alternative of violent exertion and over-indulgence is likely to be injurious. If a man should devote his mind to getting drunk with security, or rowing with security, he might stand either for a time; but the two together are too much for any constitution. In short, there is a process known as “going out of training,” which deserves suppression much more than the training itself, and perhaps the spread of a little common sense in these matters may tend to its abolition.

This will account for a certain number of cases, though the whole argument from experience seems at present to rest upon insufficient grounds. In his *a priori* argument as to the violence of the effort, Mr. Skey seems to have fallen into some misconception of the facts. He tells us, by way of illustration, that a man who should run at the top of his speed would exhaust himself in two minutes, in the course of which he would have covered something under half a mile. Now it is simply impossible to run, strictly speaking, at the top of one's speed even for a quarter of a mile. A good runner can clear a hundred yards in ten seconds; and, at the same pace, would run 440 yards in forty-four seconds; whereas it requires extraordinary speed to run that distance in fifty-four seconds, and no one has ever done it in fifty. Therefore, even for a comparatively short race, a runner must more or less husband his strength, and only puts out his full power for a few yards. When it comes to a mile, the difference becomes much more conspicuous. The very best performer at that distance would never clear even seventy yards in any ten seconds. The same principle holds equally in rowing. If a crew were really to put out anything like the whole of their strength, as Mr. Skey suggests, they would row themselves to a standstill, not in twenty minutes, but in three, or probably in one minute. It is difficult to give a measure in precise numbers, but we may say that a crew scarcely ever rows more than forty strokes in a minute over the Putney course; if they rowed the very utmost of their power, they might approach fifty strokes in a minute; but the next minute would certainly see an unprecedented change in their form. In short, there is something altogether delusive in the expression of a man's exerting his whole strength; and it is one of the very first acquirements of a tolerably good stroke to know how to proportion his efforts to the length of the course. It is, we believe, a general opinion, amongst those who have tried both, that the Henley course is a more trying effort than the course of three times its length at Putney. The rowing over the shorter distance approximates more to the picture for which Mr. Skey has partly drawn upon his imagination. It is there really of some importance that a crew should take the lead at the start and keep it—a plan which would be as absurd in a Putney race as it would be for a jockey to ride on the same principle in the Derby. Moreover, we cannot doubt that a sensible course of training very considerably increases a man's chance of rowing without injury. No doubt it finds out the weak points of those who are not thoroughly sound; but it is one of the first objects of a tolerably sensible captain to pick out men who, so far as he can tell, are free from any constitutional weakness. And when training is what it ought to be—that is to say, chiefly a system for keeping a man in good health by means of regular habits—there is nothing about it which is likely to be injurious. The actual amount of work done in preparation is by no means excessive. A healthy young man should surely be able to row four miles, at a steady stroke, without over fatigue; and as a matter of fact, the great distress of which Mr. Skey speaks is quite unknown during the preparatory trials, and, if it ever occurs, occurs only when the excitement of a close race has led to an unusual and undesirable strain. Even after the severe races of the last two years, there were no signs of the complete prostration which he describes, and nothing like the same demand is ever made upon the strength before the actual day of the race. We will add that, of late years, the necessity of sparing the crews has been much better understood, and that there have been fewer cases of actual breaking down in training. If any one will look back to the records of the time when rowing first became popular, some thirty or forty years back, he will find that much longer races—for as much as seven miles—were quite common, and that such clearly dangerous feats as rowing eighty or ninety miles against time were not unfrequent. In such a case, the men underwent the much severer trial of keeping up a severe exertion after they had been imperceptibly brought down to a state of exhaustion, and there was a danger of quite a different order from that which attends a twenty minutes' pull.

We should be inclined, then, to think, with due deference to Mr. Skey's authority, that he has enormously exaggerated the necessary danger, and considerably exaggerated the average danger. But we cannot doubt that, in individual cases, those evils which he describes are by no means uncommon. A young man is much too willing to row in defiance of prudence, and it is not unfrequent for an enthusiast to endeavour to conceal symptoms of distress even from his companions, who, in mere fairness to them, ought to be informed. Moreover, there is a great temptation, when a crew has been formed and the race is closely approaching, for a man to struggle on in spite of ill health, if he can only hope to scramble through the race, inasmuch as it is sometimes better to row with a weak oar in the boat than with a new oar. The extreme enthusiasm which is produced by all the attendant circumstances sometimes encourages men to very undesirable efforts. The moral seems to be obvious. If young men are found to be imprudent, that is not exactly an unprecedented phenomenon, and there are older and presumably wiser heads who ought to look after them. In the days when all athletic exercises were looked upon with disfavour by the authorities, it was a great disadvantage that there was no attempt to regulate them. A young man who rowed was more or less a reprobate, and was therefore given over to his own devices. It is a pity if an indiscriminate encouragement has been substituted for an indiscriminate condemnation. Athletic performances used to be made disreputable, and now there is a tendency to give them an artificial stimulus. The worship of athleticism is, however, sufficiently keen to be quite independent of any en-

couragement from above; the authorities who are most favourable to such practices may with a clear conscience take the part rather of regulating and restraining immoderate zeal, than of blowing a flame already too ardent. Parents and tutors should insist that no young man should row in severe races without due medical authorization, and tutors especially should endeavour to import a little common sense into the absurd superstitions still current on the subject of training. We believe that the old plan of feeding men on raw beefsteaks and making them run, well or ill, till they had brought down their weight—as if a loss of weight were a good thing in itself—did more harm than the exertions in the race. A more sensible system is slowly coming into practice, but there is plenty of room for improvement. If there was a proper influence exercised by the higher powers in these directions, we believe that rowing might be pursued with as little risk as any variety of strong exercise.

#### RITUAL REFORMERS AT STOKE NEWINGTON.

THERE is a class of reformers who can never be satisfied until they have taken the law into their own hands. The constitutional process of persistent and chronic agitation, even when raised by Messrs. Beales and Potter to the dignity of a science, is inadequate to the enthusiastic desire of the intelligent workman for the suffrage, unless it be supplemented by a little parenthetical breaking of railings, if not of heads. So profoundly are Broadhead, and his amiable accomplices at Sheffield and Manchester, convinced of the inequality of the law in regard to Trades' Unions, that a judicious application of rattening, gunpowder, and bullets commends itself to their judgment as the only effectual remedy. The Fenians aim still higher, and are prepared to upset the British Constitution altogether in the interests of an enlightened patriotism. It was not to be supposed that such brilliant examples would be thrown away on the prophets of a more sacred cause. Why should not "liturgical purity," as well as Unionism or Irish nationality, have its confessors and martyrs? If it is sweet and honourable, as the poet assures us, to die fighting for one's country, is it not also sweet and honourable to be fined for brawling for one's creed, or, which comes to the same thing, for brawling against one's neighbour's? Such at least appears to have been the opinion of Mr. John James Fenn, bootmaker, who presented himself the other day before the Clerkenwell Police Court to make a complaint against the Churchwardens of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, for assaulting him in church, though he might have seen pretty well from the first that he would gain nothing by the step beyond having to pay the costs of the proceedings, which amounted to 5*l.* 5*s.* "There was not," as the presiding magistrate observed, "one particle of evidence" for the charge; nor was the defendants' counsel called upon to make any reply. Indeed the complainant's lawyer, Mr. Maude, avowed as much, with a quite engaging frankness, in his opening speech. So far from troubling himself to make any attempt to prove the charge of assault, he rushed at once *in medias res* by a vigorous onslaught on "what were called Ritualistic services." "The matter," as he pointedly insisted, "was really this"; and it was only at the conclusion of his harangue that he stated, on producing his witnesses, that "at the present he would go into the case of Mr. John James Fenn." In other words, Mr. Maude and his clients considered that the dilatory proceedings of the Ritual Commission and the authorities of Church and State required to be expedited by a little byplay of their own. The Ritual Report had been so far useful that it had shown "what were the usages in vogue at that church," but as he (Mr. Maude) had never seen them, "he could have no personal feeling in the matter," which strikes us as rather an odd specimen of legal logic. There are many persons, if we mistake not, who have never been present in a Popish chapel, but who have a very decided personal feeling, which they are at no pains to conceal, about the Popish mass. Notwithstanding, however, his absence of personal feeling, and his unwillingness, as he was kind enough to add, to throw dirt at members of the Church of England, Mr. Maude considered "the matter"—not the alleged assault on Mr. John James Fenn, but the services at St. Matthias—to be "public property, so far as the public was concerned"; a safe, but scarcely intelligible, assertion. He was advised that "the services in that church were getting higher and higher," and several "members"—it will be seen presently that this cannot mean members of the Church—thought that, unless this "tendency" was checked, "the service of the Church of England would really tend to a state of things all of them would very much deplore." There is a kind of solemn mystery about this prediction that the service "would tend to a state of things" unnamed, unless "that tendency," which we presume therefore already exists, was checked. And we cannot wonder that Mr. Maude was so impressed by the gravity of his own sombre vaticinations that he found himself quite unequal to the vulgar task of extracting from his client or his witnesses any evidence for the alleged assault. What they did say, however, is in many ways so remarkable that we may be pardoned for giving it the attention which, as far as the legal bearings of the question were concerned, the Court very properly judged that it did not deserve.

It may be as well to begin with reminding our readers that for some Sundays past a system of organized ruffianism, not unlike what was practised at former periods at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and St. George's-in-the-East, has been carried on at Stoke Newington. Besides the disturbances inside the church, of

which we shall learn something presently from Mr. Fenn, crowds are, it seems, in the habit of collecting outside the doors to hoot and pelt the congregation as they come out, and to break the churchwarden's windows and insult his daughters. The other day the scene was enlivened by the discourses of "three young men," who harangued different portions of the assemblage on the "idolatry" practised at St. Matthias. On last Sunday evening, again, the congregation issuing from the church were greeted by "a desperate howl from the mob," and Mr. Brett, the churchwarden, had to be escorted to his home by a body of police. If we bear these facts in mind, and also remember that Mr. Fenn, as he euphemistically expressed it, "went to church out of curiosity, and not to worship"—his curiosity also leading him to select a seat on the women's side of the church—we shall be at no loss to account for the churchwardens, on his refusing to take the seat they offered, quietly ejecting him from the building. His own version of the story is that he was hardly seated when "the congregation, headed by the churchwardens," dragged him out of his seat, and then hustled, pushed, and drove him out of the church. In the churchyard he was attacked by a mob, which he calls "another portion of the congregation," and was again hustled and knocked about, and his hat "crushed by a party who smashed it, and then threw it at me." So far as there is any truth in these allegations—and the witnesses wholly failed to prove them—it is clear from what follows that Mr. Fenn had nobody but himself to thank for what occurred. He had come to the church, as we have seen, from "curiosity," and for the first time; being in fact, as he admitted in cross-examination, a Congregationalist, and living two miles off. And he came at the suggestion of a friend named Langston, whose acquaintance he had formed a fortnight before, and who had been organizing a band of associates to attend St. Matthias "Sunday by Sunday," till the "tomfoolery and blasphemous practices and idolatrous Ritualism there" should be suppressed. This is, be it remembered, Mr. Langston's own account of his doings. He adds that he belongs to the "Church Association," and that one of its objects is to "suppress Ritualism" by these gentle methods. Mr. Fenn indeed swears that Langston did not say anything about having fifty promises to attend the church, and being disappointed of most of them, and he does not recollect his saying anything about intending to continue the practice Sunday by Sunday. But Mr. Fenn does not seem to have the best of memories. He had just before stated that he did not know whether Langston said, "Touch me, commit an assault; that is all that I require you to do"; and he then immediately added, "I swear that he said nothing of the sort"—which, however, it turned out that he did. Unluckily for the value of Mr. Fenn's asseverations, his friend's memory of their "conversation about the services at St. Matthias," and of what took place in the church, was more accurate than his own. Whether his eyesight is as defective as his memory we have no means of ascertaining, but as he contents himself with saying that he did not see Langston distributing in the church placards with "Down with the Ritualists," but does not swear to the negative—nay, even admits that he has seen one of the placards—we may be allowed to entertain some doubts on the subject.

The real hero of the scene, however, as our readers will by this time have gathered for themselves, was not Mr. Fenn, the bootmaker, but Mr. Charles P. Langston, leather agent, who had brought him there. This gentleman describes himself as "an occasional worshipper" at St. Matthias. But his idea of occasional worship appears to be a singular one. We do not refer now to his electing to place himself in the women's seats, and observing blandly to the churchwardens who wished to remove him, "If you put me out you will do so at your peril," as this little episode, however open to criticism, may be considered introductory to his occasional worship, rather than an actual portion of it. Nor should we dwell on his "having never joined in the Eucharistic services," if this only meant that he had never received the Communion. There are no doubt many even habitual worshippers of whom this may be said. But not joining in a service does not, in Mr. Langston's mouth, signify being absent from it. On the contrary, it means being present. Roman Catholics, adopting the old Latin term for those who were present at the sacrifices, speak of assisting at mass. And in this sense Mr. Langston seems to have frequently assisted at "the Eucharistic service," or, as he elsewhere describes it, at "that part of the service where the men who are dressed like beefeaters turn their backs." But then he assists with a difference. If the clergy turn their backs on the congregation, why should not the congregation return the compliment? "I have turned my back when they did it." Nor only so. "I have stood part of the service when the rest of the congregation knelt, and I have sat when the others stood. I have never knelt in the church." This reminds us of an old lady we have heard of who used to indicate her dislike to the doctrine of the preacher by sitting on the book-desk of her pew, with her back to the pulpit, when any objectionable topic was broached. But there are parts of the service which Mr. Langston has not only honoured with his presence, but has even joined in. He states upon his oath that he has joined in the Confession. But he entered a tacit protest against whatever might be censurable, even in that part of "the pantomime," by sitting instead of kneeling for the purpose. He also turned his back when the Nicene Creed was sung, because he "would not be a party to such an idolatrous proceeding." This rather staggered us. It is, of course, quite natural that Unitarians should consider it an idol-



atrous proceeding to sing a creed drawn up especially with the view of asserting the divinity of a Person whom they deny to be divine. But the Unitarians are not usually even occasional worshippers at Anglican churches, and Mr. Langston, who is a member of the Church Association, apparently wishes us to understand that he is a member of the Church. What makes his conduct still more puzzling is that, notwithstanding his turning his back on the idolatrous proceeding, he tells us that he "crossed (himself)" and bowed when the name of the Redeemer was mentioned; but it appears that he also bowed at the name of Pontius Pilate. Perhaps, after all, the simplest explanation is to be found in the remark which a certain Mr. Kelsey made to him, though we are grieved to have to repeat so very uncourteous a designation of so very orthodox a champion of liturgical purity. "Kelsey told me I had better not come, and called me a puppy and a fool." We may at least venture to think the advice given was the best under the circumstances, though it was not followed; for Mr. Langston tells us that he repeated his occasional worship at St. Matthias on both the ensuing Sundays, and that he intends to continue doing so. St. Matthias, if we recollect aright, was the church selected last year by Lord Westmeath for a visit of "curiosity," whereof he gave a very graphic account afterwards in the Upper House. It will be gratifying to his lordship to learn how zealously his efforts for the suppression of Ritualistic idolatry have been seconded by the combined endeavours of a bootmaker, a leather agent, and a city missionary; for Mr. Thomas Walker, city missionary, was another of Mr. Fenn's witnesses, though he unfortunately failed, as the magistrate told him, to prove "one word of what he had said in his sworn information."

There is only one remark we think it necessary to make here on the case of Mr. Fenn and his friends. It affords a striking illustration of what has been over and over again urged in our columns on the treatment of what is called "Ritualism." There are a great many members of the Church of England who consider "Ritualistic" services a clumsy imitation of the Roman mass. There are perhaps as many who would think the kind of service adapted to Mr. Fenn's Congregationalist tastes a poor imitation of the Dissenting conventicle. And those who are addicted to either of these extreme forms of public devotion would be about equally disgusted at the universal enforcement of that medium type of worship which, like the publications of the Christian Knowledge Society, excludes what anybody can object to, till it leaves a residuum for which nobody cares. It is evident that the congregation of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, is attached to that manner of service which Mr. Langston, who does not belong to it, regards as a blasphemous and idolatrous pantomime. Be it so. The common sense of the matter is that they should be allowed the liberty which nobody denies to their assailants. It is hard to see why "the men dressed like beefeaters" should be compelled to lay aside their chasubles for no better reason than to reward Mr. Fenn and Mr. Langston for the spree of their Sabbath-day's journey of two miles, undertaken for the sole and exclusive purpose, as Mr. Brett expressed it, of "playing their tomfoolery" and insulting the religious feelings of their neighbours. What is eventually to be done about Ritualism, if anything is to be done, this is not the place to discuss, and we at least are quite content to wait till the full Report of the Commission is before us. Meanwhile one thing is very clear. It is not to be endured that a mob, headed by this goddly triumvirate of bootmaker, leather agent, and city missionary, should attempt, "Sunday by Sunday," to anticipate or supersede by lynch-law the action of the competent authority.

#### THE WOODHOUSE BEQUEST.

NEARLY at the close of last Session a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the proceedings of Mr. Consul-General Saunders in reference to the Woodhouse bequest. The Report of this Committee, taken in connexion with the previous correspondence between the Foreign Office, the British Museum, and Mr. Saunders, discloses some remarkable facts to which we wish to invite public attention.

The case which has led to the publication of these documents may be stated as follows:—Mr. Woodhouse, a retired officer of the Commissariat, had lived at Corfu since its first occupation by British troops, fifty years ago, to the date of his death, February 26, 1866. During this long period he collected Greek coins and antiquities with untiring zeal, and formed a museum which, though from the recluse habits of its owner it had been but little seen, was known to contain a number of curious and valuable objects. Mr. Woodhouse had entertained for many years the intention of bequeathing these treasures to the British Museum; but he unfortunately delayed carrying out his liberal purposes till his eighty-eighth year, when on his deathbed he executed a testamentary document in favour of the Museum. This document was drawn up by Dr. Zambelli, an eminent lawyer at Corfu, and with the assistance of Mr. Consul-General Saunders. It begins by appointing two trustees—Mr. James Taylor of Corfu, and Mrs. Maria Constantini, a lady who had been the companion of Mr. Woodhouse for upwards of fifty years—in the room of two trustees formerly appointed. The testator then goes on to say that, being desirous that the collection of coins and other antiquities so formed should be dedicated to national purposes, he requests Mr. Saunders to take charge thereof, and, when recovered from the hands of his trustees, to

transmit the same to the British Museum on his behalf, as a tribute to the national collection.

Immediately after the death of Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Saunders took possession of his house, went over the premises in company with Mr. Taylor and with his own Chancellor, Mr. Arcadino, and made search ineffectually for a supposed will, but made no inventory of the property of which he had assumed the charge. The antiquities supposed to be intended for the Museum by the testator were selected by Mr. Saunders and Mr. Taylor, with the assistance of a Mr. Reichardt, whom they profess to have regarded as an expert competent for such a task. The coins and certain antiquities thus selected were sent by Mr. Saunders to the British Museum by H.M.S. *Enterprise*. Shortly after this, Mr. James Woodhouse and Mr. Puddick, the next of kin of the deceased, arrived in Corfu, and were at first disposed to dispute the validity of the bequest, but ultimately recognised it so far as regarded the coins, upon which Mr. Saunders handed over to them the remaining property of Mr. Woodhouse, including a large collection of miscellaneous antiquities. He did not, however, communicate at once to the Trustees of the Museum, or to the next of kin, the fact that any selection had been made; and by this reticence on his part the Trustees were left in ignorance of the fact that the remaining antiquities had been so disposed of, till Mr. Newton was sent out to Corfu, in the month of June of last year, to inquire what had become of them. The results of Mr. Newton's mission were embodied in a Report, which charges Mr. Saunders with having neglected to make an inventory, and with having handed over part of the antiquities to the next of kin without authority. Mr. Newton's Report was forwarded by the Trustees of the British Museum to the Foreign Office, with a request that Lord Stanley would order a further inquiry to be made at Corfu. The Foreign Secretary, acting under the advice of Sir Robert Phillimore, then Queen's Advocate, declined this proposal, and Mr. Saunders was left to make good his defence by letter. A correspondence between the Museum and the Foreign Office then ensued, which was closed by a cautiously worded judgment delivered by Lord Stanley, to the effect

That though there is evidence of some indiscretion and want of judgment in the manner in which Mr. Saunders acted in regard to the matter at issue, his Lordship is satisfied, after consultation with the Queen's Advocate, that there is nothing apparent in his proceedings which could be construed into an imputation that, in acting as he has done, he has been influenced by improper motives.

At this stage of the controversy the affair would probably have ended, as far as the public are concerned, had not the Trustees of the Museum brought the matter before the House of Commons in their Annual Report.

Mr. Saunders was summoned home to make good his story before a Select Committee of the House of Commons; and Mr. Newton on the part of the British Museum, and Messrs. Woodhouse and Puddick, the next of kin, were invited to state their respective grievances. The evidence of Mr. Newton before the Committee is a summary of the charges which he had already brought against Mr. Saunders in his Report. Messrs. Puddick and Woodhouse charge Mr. Saunders with having administered to their uncle's effects in detriment to their rights, and with careless custody of the property in his charge. Mr. Saunders rests his defence chiefly on the allegation that the trustees appointed by Mr. Woodhouse in the only testamentary document which he left must be considered as his executors, and, as such, were seized of the whole of the property of the deceased, whether mentioned or not mentioned therein; that consequently the effects of the deceased, though taken possession of by himself, never were in his custody at all; and that hence, if an inventory ought to have been made, it was not his business, but that of the trustees of Mr. Woodhouse, to make it. In this way Mr. Saunders seeks to disclaim all responsibility as to the custody of Mr. Woodhouse's effects after his death.

Though we consider that Mr. Saunders has entirely failed to prove this point, we will assume, for the sake of argument, that, as he alleges, the trustees were executors having control over the whole estate, whether provided for by will or otherwise. We will now take the facts of the case as stated by Mr. Saunders himself. Immediately after the death of Mr. Woodhouse he enters into possession, examines the house for a will, removes certain valuables to the Consulate, puts his seals on the doors, locks them, keeps exclusive possession of the keys, and finally puts the heirs in possession by a Consular decree. In the meantime, one of the two trustees, Maria Constantini, is turned out of the house, and excluded from all share in the proceedings after the death; and the other trustee, Mr. Taylor, is only allowed access to the property of which, according to Mr. Saunders, he and his co-trustee, the banished Maria, were in possession, at such times as Mr. Saunders may think proper to unlock the door and let him in, accompanied by an officer of the Consulate. When the local authority, in the person of the *Avvocato Fiscale*, attempts to interfere, Mr. Saunders forbids his entry into Mr. Woodhouse's house on the ground that he, as Consul, is in possession by virtue of the treaty which empowers a British Consul in Greece to administer to the effects of a British subject dying intestate.

It is clear then that Mr. Saunders was *de facto*, if not *de jure*, in charge of Mr. Woodhouse's effects. He says that he was so on the requisition of Mr. Taylor, the managing trustee, and in subordination to him. But Mr. Taylor, in his account of his share in these proceedings, appears to disclaim all responsibility as to custody, and says that the Consul took the whole affair into his

own hands immediately after the death of Mr. Woodhouse; and if it be the fact that Mr. Taylor was practically locked out of the house by Mr. Saunders, and not allowed access to it except when accompanied by an officer of the Consulate, it is difficult to see how the responsibility of custody can be thrown upon him. If, then, neither he nor yet the Consul was responsible for the custody of Mr. Woodhouse's property as they severally allege, it follows that a Consul, acting in concert with a trustee appointed under a will, may take possession of the property of a deceased British subject without observing the formalities prescribed in such cases, so that practically the property is in nobody's custody at all. If such a mode of procedure be sanctioned, or even tolerated, by the Foreign Office, it is well that the public should know the fact, in order that they may appreciate what the value of Consular protection really amounts to. It seems to us that, if Mr. Saunders took charge of the effects of Mr. Woodhouse at the request of Mr. Taylor, as he alleges, he was bound either to insist on an inventory being made, or to seal up the property until all the persons interested in its division were properly represented on the spot; instead of which he sealed and unsealed, removed some of the effects to the Consulate, leaving the remainder at the house strewn about in the state of disorder in which it was found by the next of kin, who tell the Committee that the rooms looked as if they had been sacked at the taking of a town by assault.

That Mr. Saunders should, merely to oblige Mr. Taylor, have allowed himself to be mixed up with the custody of Mr. Woodhouse's effects, and have given the sanction of his official authority to acts so irregular, is the more extraordinary when we consider the special circumstances of Mr. Woodhouse's death. We are assured by Mr. Saunders that Mr. Woodhouse in his last moments was so surrounded by suspicious characters that the house was guarded by two policemen for some hours before his death; that one of the trustees, Maria Constantini, was turned out of the house immediately after the funeral; that one of the servants was a notoriously bad character, and has since been convicted as a thief. We are also told that Mr. Taylor, on the morning of the death, found the premises in disorder, with coins lying all about the rooms; and yet, with a full knowledge of these facts, Mr. Saunders was content to implicate himself with proceedings which did not constitute custody, but only the semblance of custody. Equally strange is it that—finding, as he states, gold ornaments and other valuables strewn about the room in disorder—he should not have endeavoured to obtain from persons in Corfu who knew Mr. Woodhouse's museum some information as to its contents. He would then have ascertained what Mr. Newton, though a stranger in Corfu, had no difficulty in learning—namely, that Mr. Woodhouse kept an exact register of his museum, which has now disappeared; and that not only was it reputed to contain a much larger collection of gold ornaments and other valuables than have been received either by the British Museum or the next of kin, but there were persons in Corfu who could specify and minutely describe various antiquities which they had seen in Mr. Woodhouse's collection or had sold to him, and which, it seems, are no longer to be found.

Such were the steps taken by Mr. Saunders in reference to the safe keeping of the property of which he took charge; the result being, as the Committee drily remark, that "the exact contents of Mr. Woodhouse's collection at the time of his death are unknown, and, by consequence, it is doubtful how far the articles which have found their way into the possession of the Museum and of the next of kin, taken together, fall short of constituting the whole of that collection." Mr. Saunders, having taken up the position that the whole estate of Mr. Woodhouse was vested in the trustees, and that his own function was that of a consignee to whom certain objects destined for the British Museum were to be transferred, maintains that the large remainder of antiquities taken by the heirs was not made over to them by his Consular decree, but by the act of Mr. Taylor as executor. Admitting that he took a part in the selection of certain antiquities for the Museum, he nevertheless maintains that the words "and other antiquities" in the will were a sufficient warranty for this selection, though these words were, as he alleges, inserted by himself in the text to cover a particular necklace and such other antiquities as he had ground for believing to be intended by Mr. Woodhouse for the Museum, or such as he might succeed in persuading Mr. Taylor to give up. On this point the Committee remark that—

It is to be regretted that Mr. Saunders, as he took part in preparing the testamentary document, should not have taken care to have a clear understanding of its meaning; but since the words "the collection of coins and other antiquities" were sufficiently comprehensive, unless qualified by the context or otherwise, to convey to the Museum the whole collection, it appears to your Committee that nothing but a legal decision would justify Mr. Saunders in surrendering his claim, as acting for the Museum, to any portion of it.

Mr. Saunders pleads that if the Trustees of the British Museum had wished him to act differently, they ought to have given him more definite instructions in the first instance, or to have sent out their own agent to Corfu. Now, on turning to the correspondence, it will be seen that the Trustees could not in the first instance have given definite instructions on contingencies which Mr. Saunders had never reported to them; and if they did not send out an agent, as Mr. Saunders suggested as an alternative, they acted under advice from the Foreign Office, who thought the discretion of their Consul-General quite equal to the case as they then knew it from the despatch of Mr. Saunders. We cannot think that either the Foreign Office was to blame

in recommending that the affair should be left in the hands of Mr. Saunders, or the Trustees of the Museum in adopting this recommendation. The Foreign Office had a right to expect that a Consul-General of forty years' experience, who appears, from the testimonials handed in to the Committee, to have served through this long period to the satisfaction of his official chiefs, would have shown ordinary discretion in the management of this case. How mistaken the Foreign Office was in this expectation appears from the verdict of the Committee:—

Upon the whole, the result has been that a valuable collection of antiquities has been dispersed; that no sufficient means remain for ascertaining what portion of the articles has reached the persons entitled to them; and that a clear violation of right has taken place in the division of the property by persons who had no authority to divide it.

In delivering this verdict on Mr. Saunders's proceedings the Committee think it right to add their concurrence in the judgment of the Foreign Secretary as to the absence of proof of improper motives on his part. Few persons will, we think, take exception to this verdict of the Committee; but it certainly seems to us a fair question to ask, why did the Foreign Office allow such a case as this ever to come before a Committee of the House of Commons? Who is responsible for this voluminous blue-book, for the grievous waste of valuable official time, and for the public scandal which this inquiry has caused? We cannot but believe that Lord Stanley, if he had had leisure to look into the case himself, would have condemned the proceedings of Mr. Saunders as unequivocally as the Committee condemn them, instead of passing them over with a mild and reluctant censure; but the Foreign Secretary relied on the opinion of Sir Robert Phillimore, then Queen's Advocate. No wonder that Mr. Saunders—backed by the powerful support of a law officer of the Crown, "whose perspicacity," as he observes, "under all the disadvantages of insidious representation is the more remarkable"—should maintain his grandiloquent tone of injured innocence to the last, favouring the Committee with these parting words of complacent self-justification:—

I conceive that these additional explanations will fully serve to satisfy the Committee, and the Trustees of the British Museum as therein represented, that my action in this matter has been irreproachable from first to last; and I cannot but feel confident that a just appreciation of all the circumstances will not only serve to exonerate me from any kind of imputation in this respect, but that the conscious conviction will have been established, and reign paramount in the minds of those to whom this inquiry has been entrusted, that ample reparation is due to me on this occasion for the unenviable requital which I have experienced.

This peroration of Her Majesty's Consul-General at Corfu is perfectly in keeping with the rest of his singular proceedings in regard to the Woodhouse bequest.

#### PAST RACING AT NEWMARKET.

**T**HEORETICALLY a handicap should be so constructed that the best and worst horses engaged in it may meet on equal terms. But practically this is impossible. It may be easy to estimate pretty accurately how much a really good horse can do; it is quite impossible to estimate how little a really bad one can do. Handicappers are so afraid of not putting weight enough on public performers of fair class that they are apt to go to the other extreme, and leave them with no chance at all. Two years ago Gladiateur ran in the Cambridgeshire with 9 st. 12 lbs., under which burden no three-year-old that ever lived could have won. The Duke on the other hand carried 8 st. 2 lbs., a fair weight for a first-class three-year-old, and was very nearly winning. The difficulty of course was to find out what weight would bring together Gladiateur and animals like Helen and Sister to the Drake, and the problem appears to have been summarily solved by the handicapper determining that the French horse should not have a chance at all. It seems to be a settled conclusion now that the best horses of the year have no business to meddle in handicaps; that they get so many and so valuable prizes in the weight-for-age races that they may well leave handicaps alone for the benefit of their less distinguished brethren; and that, if they are presumptuous enough to aspire to the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire as well as to the Derby and Leger, they deserve to be punished for their greediness. There is no doubt something to be said for this, on the principle that the Turf pudding should be distributed in as many slices as possible, though, in the true interests of racing, we think it is misplaced kindness to encourage owners to keep such creatures as Brewer or the filly by King Tom out of Mayonaise in training, by continually admitting them into handicaps at feather weights. But we notice an increasing tendency to sacrifice the old horses to the young ones, for which a similar apology cannot be offered. Owners of crack three-year-olds know what they have to expect, and this year only two horses of that class were entered in the Cesarewitch—Julius and Friponnier. But no one who saw the weights allotted to the first fifteen horses in that race was surprised at twelve out of the fifteen declining to accept—a thirteenth, Dalesman, being merely left in to keep the weights down for a stable companion. This was much to be regretted, because the race was left principally to competitors of the most moderate pretensions; and a Cesarewitch field never suffers from lack of mediocrity. Probably a worse lot of horses never started for so important an event, and, considering the number of the entries, we think this is a conclusive proof that the handicap was an exceptionally bad one. There were twenty-seven runners, and



the principal absentee was Lothario, who ran second to Lecturer last year. The old horses included Pearl Diver and Scamander, neither of them fit now for much more than plating work, Archimedes, the most unmitigated rogue in training, Sealskin, and Westwick. The three-year-olds (excluding Julius) were of varied degrees of mediocrity, from Blinkhoolie and Romping Girl down to Guy of Warwick, a paragon of ugliness, and Grand Cross, huge and utterly useless. That Julius should win was surprising certainly, but perhaps principally because no three-year-old has ever won the Cesarewitch with 8 st., except Faugh-a-Ballagh, who carried that weight in 1844. It must be remembered also that it is very doubtful whether Faugh-a-Ballagh was not considerably more than three years of age on that occasion. As Julius did win, however, it was not so astonishing that he won very easily. If the others were had enough to be beaten at all, they were had enough to be beaten in a canter. When we consider that Westwick, 4 years, 8 st. 4 lbs., was second, we shall understand this more clearly, for if Julius and Westwick had been matched, the former to receive 4 lbs. for the year, people would have had little doubt as to the result. And as Westwick, with no great advantage in the weights, except as between himself and Dalesman, could beat everything but Julius, those behind him must have been indifferent indeed. Therefore, though acknowledging willingly the great merits of Julius, we cannot, like some of his ardent admirers, regard his victory as an extraordinary performance; still less should we be inclined to elevate him to the position of the best horse of his year. On the contrary, we believe that there are several three-year-olds who, at similar weights, could beat Westwick with equal ease. The race itself may be described in a few words. Blinkhoolie's rose jacket was conspicuous in the front up to the Bushes. Considering his weight, and his public running as a two-year-old, he ran better than we anticipated. Dalesman did as well under the preposterous burden of 9 st. 4 lbs. as could be expected. Taking into account the fact that Honesty had been stopped in his work from lameness, his position of fifth was creditable. Sealskin, 4 yrs, 8 st., was out-paced the whole way; and Scamander, aged, 8 st. 2 lbs., was absolutely last. As the distance appeared to be no trouble to Julius, and he was perfectly fresh to the last, the finish was a mere trial of speed, and when it came to speed of course he could race twice as fast as any of them. It was a mere canter in, in fact; but as the object of handicapping is to produce a good struggle, and not a hollow victory, we trust next year to see a field of better quality and a race of greater interest.

The Middle Park Plate on Wednesday made ample amends for all the deficiencies of the Cesarewitch. The course chosen for this race is admirably adapted to test the qualities of horses at this advanced period of their two-year-old career, being six furlongs in length, and containing both a hill to descend and a hill to ascend. The field was of surpassing excellence—perhaps the finest assemblage of two-year-olds that has ever faced the starter. There were sixteen starters, of whom eight were previous winners, two had run unsuccessfully, and six appeared for the first time. There was Lady Elizabeth to begin with, the Achievement of 1867, the winner of eleven races consecutively between April and July. She has greatly thickened during the summer, and looked in perfect condition, but her temper, far from improving, has rather grown worse. She reared and kicked about in all directions, she persisted in turning her tail where her head ought to be, and, without the assistance of a very powerful jockey, her getting off on anything like fair terms would have been very doubtful. This infirmity of temper, which we fear will increase with time, is much to be regretted, as a great amount of power is wasted thereby which might be much needed afterwards in the race. On Wednesday, in particular, with extra weight on her back, she had every reason to be calm and quiet. There is no doubt that her vagaries took a great deal out of her. She delayed the start for a considerable time, she did not get off well when the flag fell, and when the struggle came she had no strength left for it. However, we are anticipating. Next in point of merit to Lady Elizabeth was Formosa, who at the Newmarket July Meeting beat Athens, Leonie, and Suffolk for the Chesterfield Stakes. She has been amiss since then, but on this occasion she looked remarkably well. St. Ronan was brought out again, but the more they run him the less will be his chance of winning. He ought never to have been run at all this year, and if he is not already sacrificed to his unseasonable exertions, which we very much suspect, the only chance of saving him is to throw him up at once till next season. Rosicrucian is a handsomer horse than Blue Gown, and shows more quality. Yet he scarcely gives one the idea of being a wear-and-tear animal. Le Sarrazin was quite out-classed; in fact, as we remarked in the spring, he is not likely to improve on his victory at Epsom. Three other winners, Court Mantle, St. Angela, and Gloire de Dijon, were also in too good company. Of the dark animals Typhæus and Lady Coventry were the most taking to the eye, the colt being a splendid-looking bay susceptible of great improvement, and the filly, who was not saddled in the enclosure, a chestnut with a fine stride and with every appearance of running gamely. Green Sleeve is very like Rosicrucian, but she is of a very different stamp to Lady Elizabeth, being lighter throughout and less substantial. She looked, however, wiry and muscular, and, like her half-brother, full of quality. The remainder of the field consisted of Tympanum, Melbourne, Viscount, Eastley, and Michael de Basco, on whose merits or demerits there is no occasion to enlarge. Lady Elizabeth was the only obstacle to an immediate start, and as it would scarcely have

done to run the Middle Park Plate without her, the starter patiently waited till, by the united efforts of her jockey and two assistants, one on each side of her, her head was turned in the right direction, and for a single instant, probably from fatigue, she was still. Then the flag fell. Lady Coventry took a slight lead, but Lady Elizabeth, when she does get off, is not apt to remain very long in the rear, and she was soon to the front, pulling double. At the top of the Abingdon hill Fordham appeared scarcely able to hold her in, and the race looked entirely at her mercy; but when called on in the dip she unmistakably, for the first time in her racing career, showed the white feather, and refused to make an effort. So instantaneous a collapse of such an animal, who was not in the least distressed, and who but a moment before seemed full of running, we never witnessed. Throughout the year Lady Elizabeth had been as famous for gameness as for speed, but now she died away to nothing in a moment. Lady Coventry and Formosa, who had been running side by side with her, both passed her; but Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve, one on one side of the course, the other on the other, simultaneously drew away up the hill, and though Rosicrucian appeared to have much the best of the race, Green Sleeve was ridden out to the last, and beat her stable-companion by a head. The pair were two clear lengths in front of Lady Coventry, Formosa, and Lady Elizabeth, who were all close together. From these the remainder were separated by a considerable interval. Typhæus, however, it may be mentioned, ran well considering his backward state, and, after being shut out, came round his horses into a comparatively prominent situation. It must be remembered that Lady Elizabeth was giving 10 lbs. to the winner and to Lady Coventry, from whom she was only beaten a neck, and 6 lbs. to the second. On the other hand, she was running at even weights with Formosa, who beat her a head for fourth place. But, considering that when it was evident she could not win, she was not ridden out, considering also that she never before evinced such a disinclination to try, and that two days later she came out and ran in her old form, we should be very loth to attribute much importance to her performance in the Middle Park Plate. Not that we would say a word against the pair who finished first and second, for Rosicrucian could have won without difficulty, and Green Sleeve answered every call made on her with the greatest gameness. Their owner is indeed fortunate to have two such two-year-olds in his stable, in addition to Blue Gown. In appearance, in quality, in muscle, in power to race, and in readiness to struggle, they are truly a credit to their sire Beadsman, a horse whom breeders of blood stock have held in strange disregard. The year 1867 is unprecedented for the number and the quality of two-year-old fillies. There was but one Achievement in 1866; but this year we have Lady Elizabeth, Green Sleeve, Leonie, Athens, Formosa, Lady Coventry, all in the first class. On the other hand the colts of promise are but few and far between, and their running has been, with few exceptions, so contradictory that it is almost impossible to estimate their relative merits with any accuracy.

There were plenty of examples of this during the past week. To begin with the first day, Suffolk, who at the First October Meeting could not raise a gallop against The Earl, ran against Leonie, who was looking and going her best, with the greatest gameness, and beat her easily. The Clearwell Stakes on Tuesday were a certainty for Blue Gown, who was opposed by St. Ronan, King Alfred, Pearlfather, Ironmaster, and three more. St. Ronan ran as well as an unmatured and unfurnished horse can run, and there is no doubt about his gameness; but of what use is it for a half-made horse to fight against one who is pretty well made up? Blue Gown, indeed, for a two-year-old is remarkably set and furnished, and his victory was never in doubt. Ironmaster runs worse now instead of better, King Alfred has high fighting action that is quite against him, and the remainder were of inferior class. Only three opposed The Earl in the Bedford Stakes, and though he carried 12 lbs. extra two of the three were beaten off. Ouragan, however, one of the Monarque colts, made a tremendous struggle at the finish, and a dead heat was the result. The unfortunate Earl—who, like St. Ronan (although Lord Hastings' horse is of far higher class), is quite unfurnished and unmatured—was brought out almost at dusk to run off the dead heat, and again he struggled desperately under his crushing weight. But this time he was just defeated by a head. The performance is extraordinarily good, for both horses ran with the greatest gameness, and to give away 12 lbs. to an animal who can race at all is a severe task for a great undeveloped colt like The Earl. On the Thursday Athens gave the clearest evidence that, fast as she is over half a mile, and inferior at that distance to few of her year, she cannot go a yard further. Over six furlongs Pace beat her easily, and directly she had traversed the half mile she died away to nothing. The Prendergast Stakes brought to the post Green Sleeve (with 6 lbs. extra), Suffolk, and Virtue, each with a like penalty, St. Ronan, Milton, and Ouragan, the latter carrying 3 lbs. extra. A good race might have been expected between Green Sleeve and Suffolk after the latter's defeat of Leonie earlier in the week. But, to make confusion worse confounded, Suffolk was last of the six from start to finish, and he would be a bold man who attempted from public running to fix his right position among the horses of the year. At any rate we must have seen the worst of him. Green Sleeve won with sufficient to spare, and Virtue ran about as good a second as she was to Blue Gown at Doncaster. There, however, she was in receipt of 2 lbs. nominally, but, as events happened, of about 5 lbs.; here she was running at even weights, and the inference would seem to be that

Green Sleeve and Blue Gown are pretty nearly equal, and Rosicrucian some pounds above the pair. By this last victory Sir Joseph Hawley accomplished the unprecedented feat of winning all three great two-year-old races at the Meeting, with animals bred by himself and got by the same sire.

We can but glance hastily at the chief remaining races of the Meeting. The most exciting by far was the match between Julius and Lady Elizabeth over the Middle Park Plate course, the filly only receiving 9 lbs. for the year. She was as fractious as ever, and it took two people to get her out of the enclosure, two more to get her to the starting-post, and then one on each side and her jockey on her back to get her off. When the flag fell Julius made the running, and half-way down the Abingdon hill appeared to have the race in hand, as Fordham about that time had to call on the mare while Julius was going well within himself. She answered every call—very differently from her Wednesday's running—and struggled up the hill with the most unflinching resolution, the finest finish perhaps ever witnessed resulting in her victory by the very shortest of heads. As a piece of match-making, we must admire the excellent judgment shown in the apportionment of the weights, which was verified almost to an ounce. As to the race itself, no such Derby trial has ever been run in public within the memory of man, for, setting aside the allowance for sex, Lady Elizabeth was only receiving 6 lbs. from one of the best three-year-olds of the year. It is possible that Julius might have won if he had come straight through at his best pace. With his fine speed, and the great advantage in the weights, that was undoubtedly the true policy; and we fancy that his jockey made rather too sure of winning, for he never let him fairly out till Fordham had been riding Lady Elizabeth hard for some distance. But he could not have won by much, and to the mare a close defeat would have been as honourable as a close victory. As it is, we can only declare it to be the finest two-year-old performance within our recollection. In his other match between Athena and Indian Star Lord Hastings did not display the same judgment. It was absurd to think that she could meet a very fair four-year-old, with a good turn of speed, at even weights; and it was a mere canter for Indian Star, who jumped off and was never caught. The rest of the matches were only of passing interest. That between Pericles, 3 yrs, and Pantaloon, 5 yrs, at even weights, would have been exciting, but Pantaloon has lost all his form, and anything could give him weight now. The continued improvement of Friponnier was another feature of the week. On the Thursday he met Hermit for the second time this autumn, but was only in receipt of 5 lbs. Not only did he win, but Hermit could not even make him gallop. We had often heard of horses walking in, and now we saw it. And the beaten horse was the winner of the Derby. Such are the uncertainties of racing. It must be said that poor Hermit looked quite unfit to run, and walked out of the enclosure after the race as if he was in positive pain. There is no doubt that the horse has a good heart—for he always runs gamely—but a weak body; and that he is afflicted with some internal disorganization which at times completely cramps and cripples him. Friponnier's other race with Montgoubert was a burlesque. It was like what may be seen any day when horses are exercising, and one leads another in his work. Montgoubert was taken out for an airing, and Friponnier led him. The Newmarket Derby fell to Longchamps, who, it will be remembered, ran forward in the Leger for a mile or more. Hermit, not allowed to rest for two days despite the good service he has done, Mandrake, Taraban, and Jasper made up the field. Taraban ran like a rogue, according to his wont; and Hermit could not give a stone to Longchamps, though he struggled bravely. Judging merely from the Leger running, it did not seem possible that he could concede such a weight over a mile and a half; and it would have been kinder to have kept the poor overworked animal in his stable. Beyond noticing that Ravioli showed improving form in easily defeating Lady Hester and Sunnylocks over the Ditch mile, and that Viridis beat a large field over the Cambridge-shire course, the scene of her brilliant two-year-old victory last year, we find nothing else much deserving of comment. The numerous small handicaps, plates, and selling races that prolonged the sports of each day were no doubt agreeable to those interested, but, for ourselves, we are glad to be able to forget all about them the moment after they are over. And last week they were needed less than ever, because the more solid attractions were numerous and exciting enough to make the Meeting one of the best ever held on Newmarket heath.

## REVIEWS.

### THE WORKS OF BURKE.\*

IN the whole range of English literature there is no name which can be put upon precisely the same level with that of Burke. He is the one Englishman who has succeeded in attaining first-rate eminence both in politics and in literature by one and the same set of writings. We have great statesmen and great writers, and of our many literary statesmen some few persons have combined the two characters, but hardly any one except Burke has given to his Parliamentary speeches and political pamphlets a literary form which has secured to him and to them a prominent place in the

permanent literature of the country. Burke, moreover, is one of those writers with whom almost every one is to a certain extent acquainted. There are passages in the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and in the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, which are perhaps as well known as almost anything in English prose; but there is also a good deal of *terra incognita* in his works. He is generally read in snatches, and probably comparatively few persons take the trouble to go straight through his works in their chronological order. It is, however, well worth while to do so, as such a process gives a far better notion of the man and of his writings than is to be obtained in any other manner. We propose to give in the present article a short sketch of his writings in the order of their publication, and we hope on future occasions to extract from them and to discuss a few of the more important of the doctrines which he preached, in different forms, with so much effect and pertinacity, for nearly forty years.

The earliest of Burke's works is his parody of Bolingbroke, called the *Vindication of Natural Society*. The book is written with the double object of parodying Bolingbroke's style and of suggesting an argument which may be used to answer a good many of his theories:—

The design was [says Burke] to show that, without the exertion of any considerable force, the same engines which were employed for the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government, and that specious arguments might be used against those things which they who doubt of everything else will never permit to be questioned. No one, he thinks, will deny the advantages of civil society, yet something may be said to show that savage life is superior to it. The pamphlet itself is rather long for a parody, as it fills about eighty pages. It is no doubt a vigorous imitation of Bolingbroke's style, but, inasmuch as no one ever wrote more purely or more powerfully, the attempt to parody it is strange and pointless. The parody of Bolingbroke's mode of thought is better, but the whole subject is too grave to be treated to advantage in such a manner. Elaborate and intentional sophistry, just sufficiently plausible to give some little trouble to any one who tries to unravel it, is tiresome, however artfully it may be constructed. The course of the argument is to show, first by an account of the various ravages of war, and then by a specification of the evils of various forms of government—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and the form in which the three are mixed—that civil government in all its shapes is an evil in comparison with natural society. This is supported by arguments showing how the laws for the purpose of instituting which civil society was founded become themselves a source of oppression by reason of their obscurity and intricacy; how the distinction between rich and poor is the source of innumerable sufferings, both to the poor, who undergo all sorts of hardship and privation, and to the rich, who are exposed to all manner of moral corruption. The whole ends by a parallel between politics and theology. Theology the supposed writer and his correspondent agree in rejecting because of the absurdities which it involves. Must we not, he asks, in consistency, go a step further and reject civil society? The blots in the argument are that no plausible account is given of the evils of what the writer calls Natural Society; that the benefits of civil society are left practically out of account, and that no attempt is made to show that the evils connected with it cannot be remedied. This destroys the plausibility of the argument, and therefore the merit of the parody. Several points, however, are handled in a very striking way. In particular, the defects of the British Constitution and of the law of England are painted with extreme vigour. A form of government compounded of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy must of necessity be extremely complicated. The powers of the several parts must be indeterminate and apt to conflict. Each part preserves its own characteristic faults, and party government, with all its evils, is a necessary result. The technicality and the obscurity of the law, and its haste and cruelty in criminal cases, are also most vigorously described. Indeed, there is nothing absurd in the whole essay except the omissions, and the conclusion which it is impossible to believe that Bolingbroke could ever have drawn, and which is not really parallel to his conclusions as to theology, if it were worth while to discuss the matter. There is one curious passage which may be noticed:—"I have somewhere called this earth the Bedlam of our system. Looking now upon the effects of some of those fancies, may we not with equal justice call it likewise the Newgate and the Bridewell of the universe." Berkeley, Baxter, and Voltaire have said the same in the most solemn earnest.

Next to the parody on Bolingbroke comes the famous *Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. Besides its inherent merits, it is remarkable as being the only regular treatise on a general subject to be found in all the volumes of Burke's works. Its interest appears to us to lie rather in the light which it throws on the character of the author's mind than in its intrinsic merits, for though some of the detached speculations which it contains are curious and interesting, it is difficult to regard the general doctrine of the book as anything more than a rather arbitrary attempt to fix the meaning of two words which are in fact used very vaguely, and in different senses, by different people at different times. The systematic and vigorous, though in our opinion radically unsatisfactory, way in which the discussion is conducted is the most remarkable part of it. The introductory Essay on Taste defines taste as "that faculty or those faculties of the mind which are affected with, or which form a judgment of, the works of imagination and the elegant arts." The imagination

\* *The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.* 12 vols. 1815.



is said to be one of the three powers of the human mind, the other two being the senses and the judgment. It is afterwards more fully described as "a sort of creative power," which operates "either in representing at pleasure the images of things in the order and manner in which they were received by the senses, or in combining those images in a new manner and according to a different order." To define taste as forming a judgment on all these things is certainly to give the word an unusually wide extension. However this may be, tastes, according to Burke, do not differ. "It is probable that the standard both of reason and taste is the same in all human creatures." All people think sugar sweet, and sweetness pleasant. Abnormal tastes are only the result of an habitual search for what every one agrees in liking. No one likes the actual taste of tobacco, though "it is the delight of Dutchmen, as it diffuses a torpor and pleasing stupefaction." All tastes are either the same, or could be made the same by instruction. If it were worth the trouble, "the logic of taste, if I may be allowed the expression, might very possibly be as well digested, and we might come to discuss matters of this nature with as much certainty, as those which seem more immediately within the province of mere reason." The tobacco illustration is a remarkably unlucky one. The strongest argument against Burke's thesis is to be found in the fact that tastes change, not only in individuals, but in nations; and the increased taste for narcotic stimulants is as striking an illustration as could be given. Passing from the question of taste to the main subject, Burke begins with a general inquiry into the nature of the passions. He prefaces it by a distinction between positive pleasure and delight, which he strangely defines as "the sensation which accompanies the removal of pain or danger." He then, in a succession of chapters, develops the following theory:—The passions may be classified with reference to their final causes, which are self-preservation and society. The passions which belong to self-preservation turn on pain and danger. The presence of pain or danger is simply painful, but when we think of them as absent we feel delight, and whatever excites this delight is sublime. The passions which belong to society belong either to the society which exists between the sexes, or to the general society which exists between all men and all other animals. These passions are love with or without the sexual element. The object of love is beauty. The passions of sympathy, imitation, and ambition are also social, and are excited both by the sublime and by the beautiful.

Having laid this foundation, he proceeds to examine the conditions which are favourable to sublimity. "Terror is in all cases whatsoever, either more openly or latently, the ruling principle of the sublime." Hence obscurity is sublime, on which Burke characteristically observes:—"Great clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions, as it is in some sort an enemy to all enthusiasms whatsoever." He adds afterwards, "To see an object distinctly, and to perceive its bounds, is one and the same thing. A clear idea is, therefore, another name for a little idea." Power is sublime because it terrifies. "Love approaches much nearer to contempt than is commonly imagined." Vastness and darkness, huge sounds, such as the shouting of a multitude, things sudden and unexpected, cries denoting pain or danger, are elements of sublimity. He oddly observes, "No smells or tastes can produce a grand sensation, except excessive bitters and intolerable stench." According to this, a man tasting strychnine in a sewer would be in a sublime situation. From the sublime he passes to the beautiful, which, he contends, does not consist in proportion or fitness—a doctrine maintained, amongst others, by Berkeley, to whom there are several tacit references in different parts of the treatise. His objection to this doctrine is that, though the proportions laid down as causes of beauty in the human body are frequently found in beautiful bodies, they are also found in bodies not beautiful; that beauty is found apart from them; and that where they co-exist other conditions are present which are also present where beauty is found without these proportions. On similar grounds he refutes the notion that utility or perfection is the cause of beauty, and he proceeds, in strict accordance with the whole tenor of his theories on all subjects, to add that beauty cannot be described as a property or test of virtue. "This loose and inaccurate manner of speaking has therefore misled us both in the theory of taste and of morals, and induced us to remove the science of our duties from their proper basis (our reason, our relations, and our necessities), to rest it upon foundations altogether visionary and unsubstantial." He concludes from all this that "beauty is for the greater part some quality in bodies acting mechanically upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses." The physical qualities which produce beauty are comparative smallness, smoothness, variety in the direction of the parts (the neck or bosom of a woman), the absence of angularity, delicacy of frame without any remarkable appearance of strength, soft but clear and bright colour, variegated if glaring.

The next inquiry is why these various causes produce a sense of sublimity or of beauty. Why does vastness, for instance, produce the idea of sublimity? A great number of ingenious answers are given to the questions which this inquiry suggests. For instance, darkness produces sublimity, because, causing helplessness, it causes terror. It is terrible too in its own nature, as is proved by the uneasiness which the boy born blind and couched by Cheselden showed when he first saw a black object; and this Burke supposes may be caused by the effect of the absence of all light upon the nerves of the eye. Beauty, on the contrary, "acts by relaxing the solids of the whole system," which relaxation produces "the passion called love." The other properties which produce sublimity or beauty are analysed in the same way.

The last subject of inquiry is how words produce the idea of beauty or sublimity, and act upon the passions. It is obvious enough that in this inquiry Burke followed the lead of his countryman and the glory of his college, Berkeley, in one of his deviations from Locke. The object of the whole is to show that words affect the mind, not because they raise distinct images in it, but because "they are sounds which being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good or suffer some evil, or see others affected with good or evil, or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events, and being applied in such a variety of cases that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterwards mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions." Several chapters are devoted to the proof and illustration of the theory that we use large numbers of words which convey no ideas to the mind. The whole inquiry leaves on the reader the impression that the author was a singularly laborious, careful, and systematic thinker, and that he had great ingenuity, but it does not appear to us very convincing. It was written when Burke was under thirty, and it has that disproportion of logical scaffolding to ultimate result which is common in early performances. Lord Macaulay observes that it is wanting in the eloquence which Burke developed later in life. There are a few exceptions to this remark. Read, e.g., the 19th section of the first part:—"The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of his wisdom who made it, &c." There is a similar passage in Section 5 of Part II., about the middle.

Burke's entrance into public life in 1765, under the auspices of Lord Rockingham, diverted him from mere literature, though it gave tenfold importance to his literary powers by converting them into most effective engines of political warfare. His party pamphlet "The Short Account of a Short Administration"—the Rockingham Administration (July 1765—July 1766)—and the "Observations on a Late State of the Nation," published in 1769 in answer to a pamphlet supposed to have been written by Grenville, and really written by his secretary Knox under his inspiration, have at present only an historical interest, as they refer almost entirely to forgotten party questions. The only point in either which has still any general interest is a passing reference to plans for enlarging the suffrage, which Burke regards as an unmixt evil, and a discussion of the relations between England and America. He points out the practical impossibility of having the colonies represented in Parliament, a scheme then under discussion; and insists, with clear foresight and good judgment, on the great importance of not treating the questions between the colonies and the Mother-country as in any way dependent on metaphysical disputes about the nature of sovereignty and its rights, and of not allowing such disputes to obscure the substantial question as to the true interests of the parties.

The "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents" (1770) are of much more permanent interest. They are the earliest of Burke's great constitutional efforts upon comparatively transient matters. The "Present Discontents" are those which were excited by the questions about Wilkes, by the riots which were caused by his imprisonment and liberation, and by the party known by the name of the King's Friends. Burke examines these various topics, and preaches upon them the appropriate constitutional doctrines as he understands them. As to the King's Friends, he holds that the proper advisers for the Crown were those persons who possessed the confidence of Parliament. He denies that this doctrine is, in a bad sense, aristocratic, and he denounces those who "alarm the people with a phantom of tyranny in the nobles"; and he goes on to discuss, with reference to the politics of the day, the practical results of the attempt to institute a double Cabinet, and to substitute the King's Friends for constitutional Ministers. He next proceeds to rebuke the House of Commons for its anti-popular tone in regard to Wilkes. The House "was not instituted to be a control upon the people, as of late it has been taught, by a doctrine of the most pernicious tendency. It was designed as a control for the people. . . . The House of Commons, as it was never intended for the support of peace and subordination, is miserably appointed for that service." The persecution of Wilkes was a crime committed by the House against its very nature. In expelling him it assumed the position of "a court of criminal equity . . . which is in truth a monster in jurisprudence." Lastly, Burke takes occasion to preach the doctrine of party government and fidelity to parties. It is in this part that the famous sentence occurs—"When bad men combine, the good must associate." He goes on to point out how party associations are the only practicable means of carrying out any reforms as matters of principle.

The next publication in order of time is the "Speech on American Taxation" (1774). It is an admirable performance, which even at this distance of time cannot be read without keen regret. It contains many brilliant passages, especially the well-known characters of Lord Chatham and Charles Townsend, and the description of General Conway coming into the lobby and being congratulated by the trading interest after the repeal of the Stamp Act; but more remarkable than these personal pictures are the expression of general principles as to America. The position of the colonies, he says, had been that of restriction in trade accompanied by full civil liberty. Burke's advice is to maintain this position:—"Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of States and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools." A little before he

had said:—"I am not here going into the distinctions of rights. . . . I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions. I hate the very sound of them." This is the keynote of all his writings and speeches on American affairs. The "Speech on Conciliation with America" (March 1775), which was utterly ineffectual, is a far more elaborate and remarkable effort in every way than the "Speech on American Taxation." It is one of the most astonishing performances in the way of speaking to be found in the history of this country. Like almost every other speech Burke ever made, it contains its *purpurei panni*; especially the speech which "the angel of this auspicious youth" (Lord Bathurst) might have addressed to him in his early days as to the progress of America; and that wonderful description (for it is nothing less) of the genius of the American people which contains the famous phrase about "the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" as characteristic of the Northern colonies, whilst the aristocratic origin of the Southern colonies and the aristocratic influence of slavery are dwelt upon as rendering their enmity almost more formidable. No one of Burke's works shows more strikingly that which was one great leading characteristic of his mind—the extraordinary industry and sagacity with which he acquired information about distant countries. The clearness with which he appreciated the circumstances of the American colonies is exactly parallel to the clearness and accuracy of his judgment on the old Government of France and the social condition of the country. Another admirable point in this speech, which is afterwards developed more fully in the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," is the force with which he insists on the absurdity of confounding civil war with common high treason. The keynote of his sentiments is expressed in a very few words:—"The thing seems a great deal too big for my ideas of jurisprudence. . . . It looks to me narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." In the latter part of the speech he insists on the necessity of just legislation for ending discontent, from the precedents of Ireland, Wales, Cheshire, and Durham, which were successively appeased by those means (the example of Ireland is rather an unhappy one), and he ends with a masterly justification of his proposals on the narrowest of all grounds—the ground of money. He says, and says truly, You will get infinitely more from the affections than you can possibly hope to get from the fears of the colonists. The "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol" is an appropriate postscript to this magnificent oration, turning for the most part on the same subjects, and forming, on the whole, as melancholy reading as any that the history of his country provides for the humiliation and instruction of an Englishman.

Of Burke's other writings in connexion with his representation of Bristol it will be enough to say that his "Speech on the Close of the Poll" is memorable for its exposition of the doctrine that a representative is not a delegate; and that his speech previously to the election of 1780, which closed his connexion with the city, is an admirable exposition of the brutality of religious tyranny and of the reasons why it is so often popular:—

The desire of having some one below them descends to those who are the very lowest of all, and a Protestant cobbler, debarred by his poverty, but exalted by his share in the ruling Church, feels a pride in knowing it is by his generosity alone that the peer whose footman's instep he measures is able to keep his chaplain from a jail.

The "Speech on Economical Reform" (February 1780) is perhaps the greatest effort which Burke ever made in the purely business-like direction. Nothing can exceed the skill with which the various establishments then in existence—their uses, their abuses, and the alterations proposed in them—are described. It contains fewer references to general principles than almost any other published performance of its author. Nearly the only one, if not the only one, is a disquisition on the principles on which pensions should be conferred, and on the reasons why they should be granted by the King. As a compensation, the speech contains (along with one or two of the clumsiest) perhaps the very best of Burke's efforts in the humorous direction. We refer to the passage which describes the deserted condition of the ancient palaces, in which "a frightful silence would reign . . . if every now and then the tacking of hammers did not announce that those constant attendants upon all Courts in all ages, Jobs, were still alive." This speech is specially deserving of notice because there is hardly to be found elsewhere so clear, so vigorous, and so learned a sketch of the constitutional character of the Executive Government in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The speeches on Indian affairs form a separate and a most important part of Burke's works; but as our object is rather to consider him from the literary and speculative point of view than historically, we will content ourselves with a single reference to them, observing, however, that the "Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts" is one of the strongest illustrations that English literature supplies of the power of logic, directed by fierce indignation, to make the most obscure and distant subject vividly interesting. No more powerful statement of a mass of facts intrinsically tedious and repulsive has ever been made by any writer or speaker.

The works to which we have referred, well as they are known, and often as they are quoted, are only a sort of introduction to those which are most completely characteristic of Burke, though to many readers at the present day they will appear less creditable than his earlier performances. We refer, of course, to his attacks on the French Revolution. They are thirteen in number:—"The

Reflections on the French Revolution" (1790); "A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly" (1791); "The Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs" (1791); "Thoughts on French Affairs" (1791); "Heads for Consideration on the Present State of French Affairs" (November, 1792); "Remarks on the Policy of the Allies" (1793); "Observations on the Conduct of the Minority" (1793); "A Letter to Mr. Elliot" (May, 1795); the famous "Letter to a Noble Lord in answer to a Speech of the Duke of Bedford" (1796); and lastly, three letters published during his lifetime "On a Regicide Peace" (1796), with one posthumous letter on the same subject. It is in these writings that Burke shows his whole soul, and puts forth his powers of every kind to the very utmost—to a point indeed at which the intensity of the effort is sometimes so painfully obvious as greatly to detract from the effect. We shall not criticize these writings at present—partly because their general tenor is so well known; partly because we propose to try to extract and discuss, on a future occasion, the theory which runs through them all. We shall therefore content ourselves with reminding our readers in the fewest possible words of their general scope. They begin by depicting the principles and character of the Revolution in the blackest colours which Burke's genius enabled him to lay on; whilst, on the other hand, the principles of the old French Government are described in the most attractive light, and those of the English Constitution are almost deified. This, in a few words, is the general scope of the "Reflections"; the same topic is followed up in the "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly." The "Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old" supports and develops the special point that Burke's view of the English Constitution was in accordance with party precedent; but it states the very foundations of that view with a power and depth elsewhere unequalled by the author. The subsequent pamphlets are all in one direction. The "Thoughts on French Affairs" are a solemn shaking of the head. England is becoming infected with French principles, which must be kept out. The "Heads for Consideration" urge vigorous offensive war. The "Policy of the Allies" is a sermon for a crusade; the "Letters on a Regicide Peace" continue the same subject with a passionate vehemence, we might almost say ferocity, which strikes the reader even at this day as something almost frightful. The personal quarrel with the Duke of Bedford which called forth the "Letter to a Noble Lord" is almost a relief, though it certainly carries impassioned and furious eloquence to a pitch seldom equalled before or since.

We conclude this slight catalogue of Burke's works with a short reference to those which were published after his death. The tracts on the penal laws against the Irish Roman Catholics, with which must be classed a letter on the same subject written to Sir Hercules Langrishe in 1792, are eminently characteristic, especially the latest of them, in which Burke contrasts the Roman Catholics with the Jacobins, and pleads for a payment of the Roman Catholic priesthood on the ground that their creed is infinitely preferable to Jacobinism. Some, too, of his notes for speeches, and in particular his notes for a speech on the Unitarian Petition and on the Act of Uniformity, are full of principles of the widest interest at the present day as to the legal character of the Church of England. His *Abridgment of English History* contains chapters better than almost anything written upon the subject in the eighteenth century; and if it is true that he wrote it in early youth, it is one of the most remarkable performances in literary history.

These observations are intended to give a sort of index map of the works of an author who is very much quoted, but comparatively little studied. We hope in future articles to try to extract from the various sources to which we have referred something in the nature of a connected body of doctrine, and to discuss a few of the many interesting problems which it suggests.

#### MODERN HUNGARIAN HISTORY.\*

IT was a curious axiom that James Mill laid down to his own advantage as historian of British India. He maintained that the wars and policy of a Clive and a Wellesley could not be adequately described except by a writer who had never set foot in Hindostan. Such a doctrine, if accepted and extended to other cases, would be fatal to many distinguished authors from Xenophon downwards, and to none more so than to the writer of the book before us. M. Horvath was a distinguished member of the Deak party in Hungary before 1848, then a member of the Cabinet of Count Bathany, afterwards an exile. He is now Count Andrássy's Minister of the Interior, and the present work is a guarantee of the enlightened and moderate spirit in which one member at least of the new Hungarian Cabinet will undertake his duties. Those who think that the Magyars ought to have allowed their national life to be trodden out by the hoof of the Deutschthum will perhaps condescend to point out in M. Horvath's volumes any other symptoms of the assumed inferiority of the Hungarian to the German mind beyond the undeniable one of comparative clearness, ease, and polish of style, and the presence, contrary to German doctrine, of side-notes, dates, headings, and tables of contents. For ourselves, we could not confidently name any living German historian who has produced an abler composition than the present book. Ranke has remarkable

\* *Fünfundzwanzig Jahre aus der Geschichte Ungarns, von 1823-1848.* Von Michael Horvath. Aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt von Joseph Novelli. 2 Bde. Leipzig: 1867.



vision as a philosophical critic, but in his hands facts are broken and scattered. Sybel has powers of generalization, and sometimes rises to eloquence, but he cannot see the circumstances of gone-by history except through the spectacles of contemporary political passion.

In estimating the earnestness and scope of the political movement narrated by M. Horvath, account must be taken of the resistance which it overcame. The very stars in their courses seemed to be fighting against Hungarian prosperity and freedom. The old Magyar adage, "Extra Hungariam non est vita, et si est vita non est nostra," had come to be an empty boast. During the first twenty years of the present century Hungary seemed to be shut out from the general march of intellectual and material improvement. Her attempts at self-help were few and feeble, and were checked, rather than encouraged, by a Government which saw no progress but in obstruction. During the period which included and followed the great Napoleonic wars, the Karolyis, Andrássys, and Mailaths were not the intelligent and cultivated patriots of 1857. The Hungarians had no national literature. Dog-Latin was the language used for the purposes of education and administration. The lesser nobles lived on their estates aloof from the world; the greater magnates, mostly filled with Imperialist zeal, passed great part of their time in Vienna. There was little commerce, trade, or capital; the larger landed proprietors, the only rich class in the kingdom, squandered their substance in riotous living, and contracted heavy debts to Austrian bankers. After the defeat of the system whereby Joseph II. anticipated the Schwarzenberg and Schmerling plans for destroying the Magyar Constitution in favour of a centralized German rule, the national spirit had blazed up in Hungary. Then the influences of French revolutionary ideas inculcating, however imperfectly, even the Eastern provinces of Austria, and being added to former sources of excitement, it came to pass that in the Diet of 1791 symptoms of reforming tendencies came to light. In face of the persistent opposition of the Vienna Cabinet no legislative progress could be made. Something, however, was done by private efforts; agriculture, national economy, and trade received more careful and more intelligent attention, canals and roads were made or improved, and, in general, material interests were fostered, partly by help of the County Assemblies, whose activity to a certain extent compensated the enforced impotence of the Diet. But these were tendencies rather than results. Soon after the general peace the Hapsburg fashion of government was aggravated and intensified with a virulence till then unknown. Aristotle says that a wild beast always ascends the throne of a despot. There were times when the Vienna Burg must have held a whole cageful. If the Leopolds and Josephs had chastised their people with whips, Kaiser Franz and Kaiser Ferdinand chastised them with scorpions. From 1817 the little finger of Metternich was found to be heavier than the loins of Colloredo or Kaunitz. Vienna was made as hard of access and departure as possible. Austrians were not allowed, except as a special concession of all-highest favour, to travel in Western and atheistic Europe, or to seek in foreign Universities the education which was denied them at home. Most foreign books and newspapers, especially those which ventured to touch on philosophy, history, and science, were as rigidly shut out from the Cæsar-State as they were from Russia. The handbooks required for schools and colleges were prepared by the Imperial authorities, or, if of foreign origin, carefully kyanized with proper Hapsburg disinfectants. The domestic press was handcuffed; private utterances of political or speculative opinion were reported by the spies who swarmed in every society, and were often punished with rigour; the police were encouraged to discover, and so were interested to invent, conspiracies or seditious thought. This paternal system wanted, in fact, nothing but a little more of the cruelty of ancient times to deserve a place beside the tyrannies of Busris or Phalaris. Adding to the harm which it did at home the still greater harm which it did abroad, the method of Metternich was as mischievous to humanity as the methods of Egypt and Agrigentum.

In flat violation of the solemn vows of his ancestors and his own, Kaiser Franz summoned no Hungarian Diet between 1812 and 1825, and at intervals ventured to carry out his wishes by Imperial patents—a species of illegality solemnly forbidden by those Hungarian laws which on his coronation, and on other occasions besides, he had promised to observe. In 1820 he came to Pesth, and delivered himself of the famous oration wherein he communicated to his subjects the fact that "all the world was mad, and hunting for imaginary Constitutions, whilst they, more fortunate, possessed a Constitution which he loved, and would transmit untouched to his posterity." It appears, from some new details given by M. Horvath, that the behaviour of the Hungarians on the occasion of this visit was suggestive of anything but that sturdy patriotism with which recent events have made us familiar. Although the Magyars were by no means well-disposed towards their King, they gave way to frantic outbursts of loyal sentiment. The only person who did not rush from fear to flattery was the Bishop of Stuhlweissenburg. That prelate spoke his mind in plain terms, warning the Kaiser that the Hungarians hoped he would not govern them any more by patents. The Kaiser's respect for the episcopal hint and for his own declaration above quoted was shortly shown by the issue of fresh patents whereby recruits were to be raised and taxes augmented. It was partly owing to the storm raised by these fresh encroachments that the Diet of 1825 was marked by a serious outburst of national spirit. The dormant energies and ambition of the Hungarians seemed to wake,

and a new political situation was quickly developed. The Diet's main business, one in which all Magyars united, was the defence of the Constitution against illegal encroachment. While they were busied with *gravamina* against the usurpations of the Cabinet of Vienna, and endeavouring to get securities for the maintenance of the Constitution, there was neither room nor occasion for the divisions known in European politics. In presence of the question whether Hungary should be governed by Hungarian law or by irresponsible German power, there could be no Tories nor Radicals, no thoughts of progress and Reform. But if opinion did not divide along the accustomed lines, there was a distinction between the so-called Opposition and Court parties. The latter, which had the majority in the Upper House, was disposed to make concessions to the arbitrary instincts of the Cabinet of Vienna; the former, which included the great majority of the Lower House, and all its influential members, defended the Constitution of the country, and was, in this sense, a Conservative party. The chief battle fought by this Diet was one of a sort familiar to students of English history. The Diet not only tried to extract from the King an admission that the power of the purse was theirs, not his, but even demanded repayment of the sums extracted from the country in excess of the contributions allowed by law. On the first point the Crown yielded, and the Diet, having saved the principle, which was duly recognised with the proper guarantees, gave way on the detail of the reimbursement.

In 1832 public feeling in Hungary had to take account of a new grouping of political opinions. Gradually there had been forming a party with views more extended than those of the Opposition of 1825. To the original object of defending the national liberties the new Liberal section added plans of constitutional and legal reform. Its formation was due to a man who studiously avoided the prominence of a Parliamentary leader or the appearance of intentions hostile to Hapsburg authority. Count Stephan Szechenyi, called even by his opponents "the greatest of the Hungarians," a wealthy and distinguished magnate, was the Magyar Alcibiades or Bolingbroke. His frivolous and voluptuous exterior concealed designs almost too vast for a single brain. Nothing should be received with so much suspicion as the programmes which the ill-informed biographers of statesmen invent after the facts, but there is evidence that at the early age of thirty Count Stephan Szechenyi already contemplated the whole series of reforms which afterwards bore his name. To the outer eye, as also to his own, the innovations which he projected and realized seemed of economical and social rather than of political import. To this extraordinary man Hungary owed the foundation of the club at Pressburg (an institution afterwards copied all over the kingdom), the institution of horse-races, of the society for improving the breed of horses, the organization of an exhibition of cattle, then a cattle society, then an agricultural institute, next the society for navigating the Danube by steam, afterwards the construction of the matchless suspension-bridge of Buda Pesth. Moreover, he did more than any other single person for the foundation of the Hungarian Academy, brought about the opening of a Hungarian theatre, made the nucleus of that delightful society with which Pesth now rivals the most brilliant of European cities, and finally succeeded, by the force of influence and example, in inducing the Hungarian aristocracy to cultivate and adopt for daily use their national language, which, to use the expression of a Magyar writer, had till then been banished to the stable and the kitchen. Add to these facts that Count Szechenyi was the first Hungarian who ventured to attack the old Constitution of the country, to preach to the *Tablarios* or old Tories the necessity of no longer sticking to the cobwebs of the Golden Bull, to insist, amongst other innovations, on the necessity of the nobles surrendering some at least of their exclusive privileges; and we need not wonder if the great magnate—by what he said, wrote, and did—was, to use the simile of Plato, the torpedo whose shocks gave new life to the Hungarian people. Although Szechenyi recoiled from some of the consequences of his own teaching and achievements, the movement afterwards commenced by Kossuth and Deák was the logical result of his Parliamentary and private efforts.

M. Horvath's Parliamentary portraits are painted with warmth and picturesque force. The most striking is perhaps that of the Croat meteor of 1848, the great Illyrian enemy of the Magyars, the Ban Jelasich. For present purposes, however, more interest may attach to the description of Deák, who on his first appearance in the Chamber, in 1833, almost immediately took his place as leader of the Liberal party. The Hungarian aristocracy has this in common with the English, that it does not accept that inimitable machinery of parchments, blazon, and quarterings whereby the aristocracy of Germany has preserved its blood from corruption, and its society from base intrusions. The Hungarian magnate admits that gentlemen without titles may be fit company for himself, fit husbands for his daughters, fit fathers to his wife. Nor does decency forbid a Magyar noble to practise at the Bar, or to take his seat as a member of the Commons branch of the Legislature. So that the Szechenyis and Bathyanis have no social objection to be led by a Kossuth or a Deák; and in the case of these particular tribunes the less jealousy could exist as Kossuth is of noble, Deák of gentle, if not precisely aristocratic, family. Deák, says M. Horvath, with an accuracy not likely to be contested by those who can judge for themselves, has not the fiery, intellectual passions which led Szechenyi from one plan to another. His reason is deep, accurate, and calm, his historical and legal knowledge is unparalleled in extent, and its scientific application in writing and speaking is

convincing and judicious. Since the period described Deák has given up the gaieties of life, but in his earlier days his society was much sought by great ladies for his lively conversation, his wit, jokes, and anecdotes, and, above all, for that fertility of humorous and instructive illustration which still characterizes his common talk. In private life he was always Spartan and spotless; on his public character not even the malice of the Deutschthum has been able to fasten an imaginary stain. The defect of our Magyar Washington, says M. Horvath, is a want of ambition and activity, an excess of moderation and repose. "Der Mangel des Strebens nach aussen, des Triebes nach Schaffung scheint bei ihm beinahe an Trägheit und Muthlosigkeit zu grenzen." There is no reason that a foreigner, however reverent in feeling toward Deák, should keep to the euphemisms which a proper patriotic reserve suggested to the former exile of Geneva. Translating M. Horvath's sentence into common English, we should say that Deák has every great quality except industry. Fleury governed France in his ninetieth year; at sixty Deák could not face the labour of a Hungarian portfolio.

We have preferred to dwell on the opening of the Parliamentary struggle described by M. Horvath, instead of travelling over the whole period between 1825 and 1848. Every page of the two volumes will be interesting to those who care for their subject. Like all well-executed German versions of Hungarian books, this one is pleasant reading than most original German composition. Then the Hungarian ideal of history is sufficiently consonant with the English. M. Horvath is always objective in aim and treatment; he knows his own meaning, refutes his opponents without insulting them, avoids making each successive page a dilution of that which preceded, and, above all, gives headings to his pages, analytical side-notes, and dates throughout; it would not surprise us were he to add an index to the work when complete. We trust that the Minister will not forget the promise of the historian, and that we shall in due time be able to introduce our readers to the sequel of the present narrative.

#### SELECT MILITARY CHRISTIANS.\*

IF there is no religion in the British army or navy except that, which satisfies the test proposed in the volume now before us, it is to be feared that the two services are in a very irreligious state. This volume is described by its author as a collection of "biographies of persons in the army and navy who have adorned the doctrine of the Lord Jesus." The volume is of moderate dimensions, but one cannot help remarking that, in order to complete it, the author has been obliged to make an arbitrary enlargement of the boundary within which, according to his theory, true religion is only to be found. "There have been," he says, "many conversions in both services," meaning that many soldiers and sailors have professed religion of the pattern which he approves. Those who have professed religion of other patterns, or those who have had religion but made no professions about it, appear to belong equally to the unconverted class.

As one example will do as well as another of a "Christian hero," according to this author's notion, we will take at random that of Corporal James Murray. He was born at Belfast, and received a superior education. After some years of roving life he enlisted in the United States army. At a station on Lake Superior there was "a great spiritual awakening, accompanied by a movement in the cause of temperance." Corporal Murray became a pledged abstainer, but the religious movement was obnoxious to him. He was a Roman Catholic, and he ridiculed the prayer-meetings of his comrades. But a Bible-class was established, and Corporal Murray was induced to attend it. "In reading the Scriptures he could perceive no authority for the ceremonies of the Romish Church." That Church has survived so many rude assaults that it will scarcely perhaps succumb under the blow inflicted on it by the defection of Corporal Murray, who at this time "began to attend the services of the Protestant Church." We may remark, by the way, that it would be interesting to be informed what "the Protestant Church" was. "Several of Murray's companions, awakened to a sense of their spiritual danger, had sought and obtained peace." This is probably another form of stating that these companions had become "converted," but if the conversion which the author contemplates is from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant Church, it becomes absolutely necessary to know where that Church is to be found. Murray now "abandoned his licentious practices," and persuaded himself that he could secure heaven by a correct moral life. Next year "he saw the light fully," and the year after that he died. We are told, by way of retrospect, that "subsequent to his conversion" he became a brilliant example to all around him; and we may infer that if he had continued a Roman Catholic, and leading a correct life, his example would not have been brilliant, but the contrary.

The next Christian hero of the series, Corporal Robert Flockhart, had the misfortune to be treated by some unregenerate and benighted doctors as a lunatic. He was a Scotchman, and served in the 22nd regiment in India. Having been confined by illness, he had leisure in hospital for reflection, and became "converted from a course of profligacy." He now listened to the teaching of Mr. Chamberlayne, "the celebrated Baptist

missionary" at Burhampore, and upon rejoining his regiment "he publicly avowed the doctrines of the Baptist Church," which is perhaps the very Protestant Church of which it seems so desirable to get the exact bearings. Flockhart was soon afterwards invalided and sent home, where he was appointed to a veteran battalion. Here he was so fortunate as to encounter that persecution which, according to the author, is necessary as a certificate that the convert is separated from the persecuting world. "As the men assembled for parade, Flockhart called a group around him, and solemnly addressed them respecting their spiritual concerns." Hereupon the adjutant put him under arrest. We regret to add that this same adjutant "was much given to the use of oaths." It is unnecessary to state that "this persecution" did not silence Flockhart's tongue. He preached next Sunday from the window of his cell to the people who came to listen to the regimental band. Among his audience was his colonel, who gave him leave to preach as often as he liked, so that this persecution ended sooner than for biographical purposes was desirable. But although the colonel disappointed Flockhart's prospect of martyrdom, the keeper of the canteen, who "got alarmed for his gains," supplied him with the requisite assurance that he had incurred the hatred of the world by knocking him on the back of the head as he was preaching. Flockhart, according to approved precedents, proceeded to pray for the conversion of his assailant. Afterwards the garrison surgeon reported Flockhart as mentally disordered, and he was placed in an asylum. Subsequently he regained his liberty. He had already received his discharge from the army, "and on account of his being the inmate of an asylum he was allowed a pension of a higher scale." It is evident that in the language of the world he was mad, but in the language of this author he was a convert to the Protestant—that is, the Baptist—Church. He had a wife who was "like-minded with himself." For upwards of forty years he preached daily in the streets of Edinburgh.

We have heard of a volunteer army which entirely consisted of major-generals. The army which this author enlists in the service of his Church seems to consist almost exclusively of sergeants, corporals, and privates. But he could not do without some officers of rank, and accordingly he has appropriated places in his Church to several whose credentials appear questionable. Of course there is no doubt about the conversion of General Havelock. But what are we to think of Lord Exmouth, of whom the author says that "he was more noted on the land than on the ocean as a Christian hero"? The life of this admiral seems to have offered small materials for the religious biographer. It is quite possible that a man who does not keep a diary may have as much religion as one who does, but it is not possible that the former should make as good a subject for this author's treatment as the latter. We know that the faculty of writing, and still more that of publishing what is written, has much to do with success in this life; and it would appear, from the book before us, to be likely to have as much to do with success in the world which is to come. There is indeed one fact which tends to shake our faith in the efficacy of what may be called demonstrative religion—we mean that in these pages there is no mention of him who was called "the psalm-singing admiral," Lord Gambier. We find, however, that Admiral Kempenfelt, who not only sang hymns but composed them, holds the first place in the series; and this honour is justified by a quotation, which the author absurdly calls a "psalm," being the conclusion of a hymn. We will not inflict upon our readers the "glorious lyric" of Admiral Kempenfelt, as they will probably be content with our assurance that it is as much like a psalm as a so-called Grecian church is like the Parthenon. If any writer should undertake to contrast the advantages of Paganism with those of Christianity, he would certainly put to the credit of the ancient system that it did not produce such sorry stuff as the religious poetry of pious admirals of the present age. But to return to Admiral Kempenfelt; he was a gallant and experienced seaman, who composed hymns and was drowned by the sinking of the *Royal George*—that terrible calamity of which the only possible mitigation could have been that the "psalms" of the veteran admiral should have perished along with him. The author can only tell, concerning Lord Exmouth, the same tale of his long and varied services which has been told before, with the addition that he provided the ship which carried his flag at Algiers with a plentiful supply of Bibles. We are of course informed that he was "a faithful soldier of the Cross," and so on; but either because he did not keep a diary, or because it has been destroyed, or for some other reason, we are without any details of his "conversion."

If a competent person were to undertake to write the lives of British admirals who had left the best examples of the performance of every duty, a place in the series would undoubtedly be given to Lord Collingwood. But this excellent officer is not mentioned in the present volume; and unless it could be shown, which perhaps it could not, that Collingwood was "converted," he could only be entitled to occupy some odd corner which is not appropriated to the diaries, letters, hymns, prayers, and preachings of sergeants and corporals who enjoyed much larger gifts of grace. We should say, however, that Sir Edward Parry was clearly entitled to the place which he occupies in the volume. The distinguished Arctic navigator had always been "a devout man," but during a winter in the ice "he was brought to know the way of God more perfectly." On his return to London he began to evince an active interest in the proceedings of religious societies, and therefore we shall probably not be mistaken in concluding that

\* *Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy.* By the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot., Editor of "Lyra Britannica," &c. &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867



he must have been "converted" in the course of this voyage. If one might venture to express an opinion upon such a point, we should say that Sir Edward Parry made a pretty good thing of his religion, both temporally and spiritually. He endured a period of anxiety consequent on the failure of the Bank of Australia, of which he was a shareholder. His submission to the divine will never appeared more perfect than in those days of apprehended embarrassment. He wrote to a friend that the period of trial had been a season of refreshing, strengthening, and of holy confidence. The author is able to add, "His faith was not in vain. The cloud passed away. His loss was much less than he had feared, and from another investment in Australia he realized nearly as much as he had lost." He seems, indeed, to have been singularly fortunate both in worldly and spiritual arrangements. His wife died, and he was able under this affliction to turn to what he then called "the only source of consolation"; but two years afterwards he discovered another source of consolation, which is open also to the unconverted widower—namely, marriage with a second wife. Considering that he had rank, distinction, and a good income, and was under fifty years of age, it is undoubtedly true, as the biographer says, that "he was not as one of those who sorrow without hope." But even in his case the precept holds that we should call no man happy until we see the end. To quote his own singular expression, he desired "to slip away, to slip into the arms of his precious Saviour." And he did "slip away" accordingly. He lived an honoured life, and he died an easy death, and then he became the victim of a religious biographer who has done what in him lay to make a worthy man ridiculous.

Another example of what may be called, in familiar language, making religion pay, is furnished by the life of Major-General Burn, R.M. Considering that this officer was placed in early youth in a lawyer's office, and afterwards in a purser's store, it may be said that his "conversion" was the greatest miracle recorded in this volume. Having been ill at Jamaica, he found, on recovery, that "a huge scorpion had shared his couch during his illness." It might be thought that one who united the accomplishments of a lawyer and a ship's purser was specially entitled to protection which was not divine. But upon this point the author expresses no opinion. On a voyage he was sleeping in a hammock in the ship's gun-room, and his head got jammed between the tiller and a beam. His escape without injury from this position may probably be ascribed to the thickness of his skull; but this quality, if he possessed it, does not seem to have hindered his "conversion." He went as tutor to a young man in France, and this situation introduced him to "the corrupt practices of French society." We gather from various passages of this book that the author thinks that all French people are wicked; that if a man touches a card he necessarily becomes a gambler; that one who is "converted" should thereupon renounce playing for amusement upon the flute or violin, and even listening to a regimental band. It is not distinctly said that billiards and out-door games are sinful, but they are apt to cause loss of temper, and therefore should be avoided. There is a grotesque story of a "Christian hero" who, having quarrelled with a comrade over a game of billiards, retired to his quarters and composed "a short prayer" to our Lord, "who was in all points tempted like as he was." The author seems to have forgotten that "they did not know everything down in Judee," and among the things which they did not know was probably the handling of a cue. But let us follow the career of the lawyer's clerk and purser as he becomes an officer of marines, is "converted," marries "a Christian lady," composes "arguments in favour of revelation," and experiences the efficacy of prayer. He and two other officers of marines were ordered to embark respectively in three guardships lying in the Medway. All the officers desired to avoid being sent to the *Resolution*, which was so moored that landing from her was difficult. The other two ships were moored conveniently near to Chatham. The commanding officer ordered that lots should be drawn for the ships. "The subject of this memoir prayed with the deepest fervour that he might be appointed to one of the Chatham ships, appealing to the great Searcher of Hearts that his chief motive was that he might be enabled to attend the ordinances of the gospel." But he drew the *Resolution*. Nevertheless his prayer was doubly answered, for he found on board this ship "an earnest Christian officer," and she was soon removed to Chatham. "A second remarkable event in connexion with the subject of prayer" occurred to the same officer. He had a small income and a large family, and he feared that he might become involved in debt. "He was most earnest in prayer that he might be rescued from his difficulties," and an anonymous friend sent him 100*l*. Some readers of religious biography will perhaps remember a remarkable event in connexion with the subject of prayer and also with a new pair of breeches.

It is lamentable that such gallant and worthy veterans as, for example, Colonel Blackader should fall under the treatment of a biographer who knows neither how to say a thing nor when to leave a thing unsaid. If Colonel Blackader did keep a private diary, it does not follow that all he wrote in it should be published to the world. He was an officer of the 26th or Cameronian regiment. He served with it in all the battles which King William III. fought against the French in the Netherlands, and under Marlborough in the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and at the siege of Lille. He rose to command the regiment, and counted twenty-two years of service when he retired. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of the preacher from whom his regiment took its name—the spirit in

which he wrote in his diary that "if God were with him he durst attack the French lines alone." His simplicity of character was such that even his private diary placed in the hands of a biographer without sense or taste cannot make him appear ridiculous. The author has nowhere told us what proportion the converted part of the army and navy bears to the unconverted. We should think it must be very small indeed. For the unconverted part there would seem to be no future hope; but, at any rate, they have not to fear that their lives will ever be written by this author.

PAUL'S SIMON OF MONTFORT.\*

THE Master of the Rolls and the Editors who have acted under his instructions may point to this monograph with no small pride. It is distinctly a fruit of their labours. With one memorable exception—namely, the short but precious contemporary Life of Edward the Confessor—their most valuable publications have been those which have been devoted to the history of the Angevin Kings from Henry the Second to Edward the First. The best editors employed on the series, Professor Stubbs, Dr. Shirley, Mr. Dimock, and Mr. Luard, have all been mainly engaged on these times. The period, again, which the works edited by them covers may be roughly divided into two portions. There is first the period which Mr. Stubbs may be said to have made specially his own—the time of the solid greatness of the first of the line and of the meteoric career of his immediate successor. This period, we must repeat for the seventy-and-seventh time, we can never look upon as thoroughly done with till we have the writings of Thomas of London, his friends and his enemies, in a shape which mortal man may use without that vexation of spirit which follows the handling of any book edited by Dr. Giles. The second period is that of the great constitutional struggle which may be looked on as lasting from the reign of John into that of Edward the First; a struggle whose first hero is the great Primate Stephen Langton, whose last heroes are Roger Bigod and Humphrey Bohun, but whose highest and most central interest gathers round a greater name than all, the illustrious subject of the monograph now before us, Simon of Montfort, Earl of Leicester. It is evident that it is the collection of Letters published by Dr. Shirley, the collection of Chronicles, edited after another fashion by Mr. Luard and after another fashion by Mr. Riley, which have given the subject a fresh and keener interest in the eyes of the man who has devoted more attention to English history than any other living Continental scholar. Dr. Pauli in his preface refers both to Dr. Shirley's collection of Letters, and to the well-known article on Earl Simon in the *Quarterly Review* which is simply one of Dr. Shirley's prefaces in another place. He refers feelingly to the loss which historical learning has suffered in the removal of their author "im besten Mannesalter"; at Tübingen perhaps it is hardly known how much this loss, both public and personal, is embittered by the shameless political job of which it has been made the occasion. And, while making the most of new lights, we are glad to see that Dr. Pauli has not forgotten some lights of a few years past which it would be unfair to pass by. He has many references both to Mrs. Green's Life of the Countess Eleanor in her series of Princesses, and to the very useful and praiseworthy work of Mr. Blauw, the Barons' War. There is something specially pleasing in seeing so eminent a foreign scholar as Dr. Pauli devote himself so thoroughly as he does to the history of our own country, and in finding how deeply versed he is in every contribution which our country has made to that part of our history which he has more immediately taken in hand.

A short preliminary sketch, setting forth the political state of England during the early part of the thirteenth century, forms what may be called the introduction to the subject, the picture of the theatre on which the great performer was to play his part. Then follows a slight sketch of the history of the House of Montfort, which forms the introduction to the man himself. The elder Simon, the father of the deliverer of England, is branded in history as the persecutor of the Albigenes. But, if we look at him with the eyes of his own time, we may perhaps see in him a parent not altogether unworthy of his son. Those doings of the elder Simon which seem so hateful according to our notions were approved by the general opinion of his own time, and there is not the least reason to suppose that his renowned son was other than proud of his parentage. The elder Simon displayed both great qualities and virtues, and the general estimate of the man is shown by the mere possibility of a report that the discontented barons in John's time thought of raising him to the throne of England. It marks the character of the man that, when the third Crusade was perverted from its original object to an attack on the Christian cities of Zara and Constantinople, Simon was about the only man who hearkened to Pope Innocent's denunciations, and turned aside from an expedition which his conscience no longer approved. Perhaps the natural disposition of father and son was not very different; only circumstances made the father one of the scourges, and the son one of the blessings, of humanity. It might indeed be argued on the other side that the bad blood of the family, from whatever quarter it came, was hidden for a generation, and passed at once from the devastator of Southern Gaul to his grandsons who slew Henry of Almain before the altar at Viterbo. We should however rather believe that the elder Simon was, at all times of

\* Simon von Montfort, Graf von Leicester, der Schöpfer des Hauses der Gemeinen. Von Reinhold Pauli. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate. 1867.

his life, incapable of a treacherous, and above all a sacrilegious, private murder. The crime of the third Simon and his brother Guy is, as Dr. Pauli says, something essentially southern. Its only parallel in the British history of the century is the exactly similar crime of Robert Bruce, the treacherous and sacrilegious murder of Comyn. It is a strange result of the early teaching of the saintly Robert Grosseteste, and it is quite unlike anything recorded of the men themselves while they stayed on English ground. Their Italian shelter had clearly corrupted them.

But, whatever we say either of his father or of his sons, the deliverer himself was surely the most perfect character which had appeared in history since the time of Ælfred. It would certainly be possible in the case of Simon, which it hardly is possible in the case of Ælfred, to pick out a blameworthy action here and there, but the general portrait of the naturalized French Earl is second only to that of the native English King. Compared with his own contemporary, at one time his sovereign, afterwards sometimes his ally, sometimes his antagonist, the holy King of France, a marked difference at once appears. Saint Louis soars indeed above most other royal saints, whose saintship often consisted in forsaking every duty of the office in which they found themselves. Louis, on the other hand, believed and acted on the sound principle that his first business was to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. God had not made him a monk or a priest or a private man, but a King—a King whose kingship, succeeding as he did to his Crown in childhood, was eminently not of his own seeking. Saint Louis therefore did, better than any man since Ælfred, the duty of a perfectly conscientious and righteous King, according to the standard of his own time. But it is clear that in Saint Louis saintship came first and kingship second. Had he been born in any other station, he would doubtless have discharged the duties of that station as perfectly as he did discharge the duties of kingship, but it is not likely that he would have risen above the station in which he was born. Saint Louis, in short, shows no signs either of personal ambition or of any extraordinary intellectual gifts. One can quite believe that he would not have chosen any very prominent career, had not a prominent career been, in his case, a matter of simple duty. But Simon of Montfort was one of those men who cannot fail to rise to greatness in any time or place or state of society. If he had many advantages in the way of birth and connexion, he had also many disadvantages for the particular task which he undertook. No man ever placed himself in a more delicate position than the stranger who undertook to be the leader of a nation in a movement against the influence of strangers. No doubt there was really a wide difference between the position of Simon and the position of the King's Poitevin and Savoyard favourites. Simon was a Frenchman by birth, but he had hereditary claims to English estates and English honours. He therefore came into England simply to seek what was rightfully his own; the Lusignans, the Valences, and the rest of them, came to get whatever they could, no matter at whose expense. Simon therefore could, without much difficulty, sit down in the position of an English noble, while they remained strangers to the end of their days. Many a man in Simon's position would not have identified himself as he did with his adopted country, but he had the opportunity of so doing, and he made the most of it. Still, important as this difference was, it is not wonderful that for a while it was not universally understood, and that men for a while looked upon him as little better than a foreign adventurer. Nothing in Simon's career is more remarkable than the gradual development of his political position. He did not assume the post of popular leader in a hurry. For many years he took little share in purely English politics. He was known mainly as the King's faithful lieutenant in Gascony, the object alternately of his capricious favour and of his capricious aversion. When he first appeared as an opposition leader, he did not at once appear as a constitutional reformer. He joined with other barons in demanding various reforms, but the movement was at first a purely baronial one. The great Earl gradually saw that so narrow a basis would not do, and that to effect any real reform in the Government, it was necessary to give a direct interest in public affairs to a larger portion of the nation. When his baronial allies begin to discredit the cause, he gradually widens his basis, taking into partnership first the knights, and then, by the great move of all, the citizens. It is this last stroke, a stroke unnoticed by the historians of his own age, which has made his name immortal.

We have dwelt in several earlier articles on the character and career of Earl Simon; so that we have now little more to do than to bear witness to the clear and careful way in which Dr. Pauli has brought out the main features and events in his story. Perhaps on the whole Dr. Pauli's way of telling his tale is somewhat lacking in animation, but it is by no means always so; there are passages in the book of very considerable power. Looking at Dr. Pauli's German style with an Englishman's eye, we find that his sentences are more involved and less clear than the flowing diction of Ernst Curtius' History of Greece, but that he at least writes what, as things go, may be called a Teutonic tongue, as distinguished from the half French jargon of Mommsen. But even in a page of Dr. Pauli's it would be easy to make a list of many words at which Johannes von Müller would have been somewhat amazed. Whatever becomes of Elsass and Lotharingia and the frontier of the Rhine, it really seems as if the Teutonic speech, insular and continental, was alike doomed.

To return to the great Earl. It is probable that, on the whole, it was well for him and for the country that he died when he did. Dr.

Pauli forcibly remarks on the difficult and extra-constitutional position in which Simon was placed during the last year of his life—a practical Dictator leading about a captive King. The difficulties and temptations of such a position, its dangerous and precarious nature, are manifest at once. Perhaps even Simon may have had his head slightly turned by such extraordinary success, and it might, as Dr. Pauli suggests, have been better for him if he had still enjoyed the benefit of the counsels of Robert Grosseteste. It is hard to see how such a position could have lasted very long, and it did last long enough to enable him to complete his work. The seed which he sowed did not bear fruit at the moment, but it did bear fruit within the next generation. It was not the least good fortune of Simon that his destroyer was a man second only to himself—one who could thoroughly appreciate his work, and in due time bring it to perfection.

Dr. Pauli also brings out very forcibly the aspect of Simon's character which writers of the last century were utterly unable to understand, but which has been brought into prominence ever since the appearance of the letters published by Dr. Shirley. We mean the deeply religious, we might say the saintly, character of his personal life. The great statesman and soldier is the intimate friend of the holiest and most learned men of his time; he asks for their counsel, he receives their consolations, he accepts their rebukes. A few extra-precisions, while admiring him in other respects, seem to have held that even the *ex post facto* Papal dispensation could not atone for his uncanonical marriage; but in the eyes of more rational and charitable religionists, the spectacle of a man of the highest rank practising every moral and religious duty, making his castle the model of a Christian household, fully wiped out any scandal arising from the hasty vow of Countess Eleanor. The religion of Simon of Montfort was not the easy religion of lavish gifts to the Church; it was a religion which guided every action, public and private, and which, we are not surprised to find, won him, in the teeth of Papal excommunications, the reputation of a saint and martyr. The narrators of his deeds rise above themselves as they record the end of one who had once fought in the Crusade against the misbelievers, and who now died in a holier warfare still. The poets of three languages poured forth their songs to commemorate, not merely a great captain and a great statesman, but a glorified saint whose relics wrought miracles on earth, and whose prayers and guardianship could now better avail to help the land that he loved than his counsel and his valour while on earth. Years before his death he both prophesies and is the subject of prophecy; the saintly Bishop who guided his course during his first years knew from the beginning that he was training him for martyrdom. All this is quite alien to the spirit of our age; it is quite in the spirit of Simon's age. Never was a man more emphatically canonized with one consent by every class of men among a nation to which he belonged only by adoption.

Dr. Pauli traces at some length the history of Simon's widow and children after his death. Two at least of the sons of Simon and Eleanor were unworthy of them. The interest of the family in its younger branches gathers mainly round the younger Eleanor, the wife of Llewelyn, the last sovereign Princess of Wales. Her romantic marriage, her misfortunes before she reached her husband, her death in childhood at the very moment of her husband's overthrow and death, form a striking pendant to the career of her father.

Dr. Pauli ends with a discussion of the supposed connexion between the constitution of England and that of Aragon, and of the question whether Simon's reforms were at all suggested by Aragonese models brought to his knowledge during his residence in Aquitaine. Dr. Pauli decides against any such view. There is no direct evidence for such a belief, and Dr. Pauli holds that it has no inherent probability. The liberties of England are wholly of native growth, except in the fact that the man who gave them their final shape was not a native of our land. What a French-speaking invader overthrew, a French-speaking deliverer restored in a shape more adapted to the times in which he lived. There was a true parliamentary life in England in the eleventh century, there was a true parliamentary life again in the fourteenth. The old system, already decaying, shrinking up more and more within narrow bounds, was trampled under foot by the Normans. But the old principles of freedom still survived unforgetten. The work of Simon was to call them again into full life, and to shape them anew as the time and circumstances required. Simon was the founder of the House of Commons; but the House of Commons which he founded was the true and lawful successor, in a more modern guise, of the old immemorial assemblies which had been swayed by the mighty voice of Godwine and which had placed the elective diadem of England upon the brow of his son.

#### LIMA.\*

IT is not every city or State, of the minor order at least, that can boast of a citizen with the loyalty and filial spirit which Lima has found in M. Manuel Fuentes. The pains and the outlay which he has bestowed upon the task of making his native city glorious in English eyes may well make his civic mother proud of such a son. His handsomely got-up volume is one which speaks perhaps more to the eye than to the mind, and scarcely admits of

\* Lima; or, Sketches of the Capital of Peru, Historical, Statistical, Administrative, Commercial, and Moral. By Manuel A. Fuentes. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.



full justice being done to it through the medium of descriptive criticism. Still, though the engravings and lithographs which thickly crowd its pages constitute its chief point of attraction, there is much in the historical and descriptive sketches to enlist the attention of the reader.

Too little is in general known in Europe of the vast and varied continent of South America, especially of the western seaboard. The long sea voyage is of itself a sufficiently formidable bar to more intimate acquaintance. But, beyond perhaps this physical impediment, there is the chronic fear and mistrust engendered by the unsettled state of politics and social order. Minute and inexplicable warfare with the pigmy Power next door seems to be the normal condition of every infant State which has just emerged from the chaos of anarchy and bloodshed within itself. The petty forces of this or that little bit of a republic are for ever waging a kind of batrachomyomachia with those of some equally puny rival. Or else there is the inevitable guerilla, only a whit more perilous to the tourist or settler than the so-called "regular" cut-throat of the army. Otherwise, no quarter of the globe would appear to hold out greater attractions to the traveller. The glowing descriptions of Humboldt and others would ere this have attracted the steps of thousands to the fairy regions under the Equator, even if they had not led to an extensive colonization of districts so inviting to the European. The gifts of which nature has been so lavish would have been more fairly appreciated. Above all, the people would have been spared the reproach of being regarded as "savage denizens of primeval forests, half covered with feathers, who shoot down foreigners with bows and arrows, and afterwards eat them raw at a family banquet."

To combat this prevailing ignorance or prejudice in the case of his native State is the laudable enterprise of M. Fuentes. Even at Paris he was struck with the darkness which enveloped everything connected with Peru. Geographers seemed to have in view a state of things which might have existed before the Spanish Conquest. In a collection of voyages now in course of publication, the authors seemed to have "no other object than to write a romance in which all the characters described are of the most savage type." Not that our author feels disposed, from an excess of patriotism, to rush into the opposite absurdity. He is far from pretending that the South American States have attained the high level of the Old World. It is enough that, so lately freed from the yoke of subordination and having to struggle through the horrors of anarchy, they have reached their present pitch of prosperity and progress. Such rare intervals of repose as Peru has been permitted to enjoy have wrought wonders in civilization during the last forty years. The society of Lima, M. Fuentes is not backward to assert, has no reason to envy that of the most civilized capitals. Of his countrywomen in particular he can hardly speak in terms of sufficient gallantry and pride. "Cheerfulness, talent, beauty, amiability—in short all the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities which make woman the most precious jewel of the earth—all these gifts, we repeat, have been bountifully lavished by the hand of God on the Limanian women." Has it not been said of the ladies of Lima that they have "the eyes and looks of the Italian, the perfect figure and gracefulness of the French, and the wit of the Andalusians"? It has indeed passed into a proverb that the women of Peru, both in physical and mental qualities, carry away the palm from the opposite sex. The series of photographs with which M. Fuentes so lavishly presents us certainly does much to bear out the claims which he gallantly asserts on behalf of his fair countrywomen. In these sparkling brunettes we seem to recognise the highest type of Spanish beauty, blended with that open unconscious look which we are wont to associate with our own Saxon style of charms. The new-born society which can afford to be judged by the test of living models such as these has little to fear from rivalry with the daughters of an elder race, or of a less scorching climate.

Who round the north for paler dames would seek?

How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

A certain stigma had, we understand, been too long suffered to rest upon the manhood of Lima. The very name of Limeño had come to be identified in Spanish usage with *tonto* and *mentecato* (silly and foolish). While yielding to this soft impeachment as regards the times past of aristocratic or oligarchical *laissez faire*, M. Fuentes's liberalism makes him bold to repudiate the charge as applicable to the regenerated Lima of republican form. He can point, like Thucydides, to the fruits of popular enfranchisement, and hail in them a proof of the soundness of the original stock. With free institutions and the wider aims that are opened in public life has come a cure for that *candidez*, or silly simplicity, which marked the Limanian as the passive soulless thrall of despotic or priestly power. The gallery of portraits of her leading public men brought together by the author—not to speak of his own lively and intelligent features which form the frontispiece—shows how well the new-born State can bear to submit her pretensions to the tests of the physiognomist.

Many of the public buildings of Lima are worthy of note, though the architecture is but a poor copy of Italian or Spanish Renaissance, and the constant dread of earthquakes hinders the erection of edifices on a grand scale or of superior height. The tinted lithographs, in the best style of French art, give a pleasing impression of the natural scenery, as well as of the parks and promenades, of the capital. The most interesting portion of the volume, however, is that which treats of the population of the city, together with the manners and customs which are

peculiar to Limanian society. Many odd bits of native character are here set down, and many varieties of human nature altogether new to European experience are brought to light. Of the original Indian or yellow race few unmixed specimens are now met with in the capital itself, though it still greatly preponderates in the mountainous tracts of the interior and the seaboard. Out of the three millions who make up the total population of Peru, nearly three-fourths are set down as scarcely at all affected by the infusion of European blood. Some idea of what may have been, in *physique* and *morale*, the full-blooded Indian found by Cortes and Pizarro, may be formed from the photograph of one of the last specimens of his race still living in Lima. It gives but a poor idea of the amount of civilization which three centuries of Spanish rule have imposed upon the rude child of the soil.

In few countries are the effects of the admixture of blood more conspicuous than in Peru. A regular gradation of tints is to be traced, from the purest white to the deepest and glossiest black. And this variegation of colour, our author pleads, is preferable to a monotony of hue. Who would endure a field totally covered with white flowers? The mixed offspring of the conqueror and the conquered, the *mestizo* or yellow-white, greatly preponderates over the pure creole sprung from the old Spanish families. The importation of negroes which went on from an early period till the year 1793 introduced a third element in the *bozal* or pure African black, the humble and docile beast of burden. The true negro blood is now rarely met with, though the original castes, to the number of ten, are still kept distinct, and certain gradations of rank founded upon the ancient tribal distinctions of Africa still survive among them. Even during the period of slavery there was the rule of *corporales mayores*, elected by the slaves themselves, and over all the "king of the *congos*," chosen for life from the descendants of the royal African stock. Since the abolition of slavery in the year 1855 the negro has had to meet the competition of coolies from China, who with superior intelligence are yet lacking in the patience, the honesty, and the hardihood of the *bozal* black. The distinctions of colour springing from these three primary types form a study for an ethnologist. Besides the *mestizo* already mentioned, there is the mixed grade of "black and yellow"—not the green of the painter's palette, but what at Lima is called *chino-cholo*. From this last and the negro comes the *chino-prieto*, from this and the white the *chino-claro*, from the white and the negro the *zambo*, and from the *zambo* and the white the *mulatto*, whose union with the white produces the *cuarteron*. From this last and the white springs the *quinteron*, whose offspring from union with a white person is recognised as white. Of the mountain Indians the greater part act as muleteers (*arrieros*) or hawkers of ice, the women serving as *freesqueras* (dealers in refreshments), or in menial offices. The Indian generally makes a rough but excellent soldier when drilled in strict accord with the Spanish proverb *la letra con sangre entra*, applied by means of the sergeant's stick. He is a fatalist, pusillanimous and indolent, but slow to run away from the field. An intense love of his native hut inspires a great temptation to desert. Inseparable from the side of the Indian soldier is his *rabona* or domestic drudge, not particularly careful of the tie of matrimony, in fact more attached to the flag than to the man. "If the latter falls fighting, she sheds few tears over him, but she sheds them abundantly if, for some cause or other, she is forced to quit her battalion." This helpmate of the regiment serves as beast of burden for her temporary lord and master, pillages for him on the march, and reciprocates with him the needful offices whereby the head is "rid of those troublesome guests which infest the woolly hair of the Indian." In return for such marks of affection the soldier "combs his *rabona*, he walks out with her on holidays, he treats her to *chicha*, and sometimes to a summary correction." For the proverb "*Qui aime bien, châtie bien*," is an axiom for the Indian warrior of the mountain.

Public order in Lima was left till lately in the hands of a corps of *encapados*—so called from *capa*, a sort of cloak—who seem to have come very near to the London "Charlie" of old time in point of age and efficiency. By degrees, the ranks of these supposed guardians of the public weal becoming filled with the dangerous classes themselves, the corps was superseded by the *serenos*, or night-watchmen; and these in turn have given place to the *celadores*, or inspectors, a tolerably efficient body. For the pursuit of malefactors outside the city and in the rural districts a brigade of mounted police has been organized. One of the chief functions of the Executive is the regulation of the water-supply by the agency of the *aguadores*, Lima boasting as yet no system of mains or aqueducts. The water-carriers are of two classes—those who carry their barrels on foot, and those who are aided by a mule or donkey. Strict punishments used to be laid down under the sovereign rule of the *alcalde*, not so much for cheating or bullying customers as for insubordination towards the parish potentate or his agents, quarrelling with fellow *aguadores*, or selling water out of the parish. Besides suspension from his calling, the offender was condemned to the *emmeladura*, a modification of the *emplumadura* ("feathering") which, "to the glory of God and Christianity," the Holy Inquisition inflicts on heretics. The wretch was pinioned hand and foot to the ground between his panniers and water-casks, with his bare breast and face, thickly smeared with honey to attract the flies, exposed to the full blaze of the sun. The punishment of the *carretonero* was that of the *arco*, the culprit being firmly bound round one of the wheels of his own cart. Some unfortunate

negroes have even expired under the torture. A milder code seems to have come into use of late. Another test of municipal progress is afforded by the system of public lighting. In the infancy of the city, as early as the year 1592, Lima was dimly lit up to 9 P.M. by means of small earthen pots of grease nailed up at the corners of the streets. By a later ordinance, lanterns of various sizes, containing tallow candles in glasses filled with the fragrant *higuerilla* (castor-oil), were displayed on posts, or hung from chains, as late as 10 P.M. Gas was for the first time displayed in the streets of Lima on the evening of the 7th of May, 1855. Lima has two railways, and the electric telegraph began to work between Lima and Callao April 23, 1857.

M. Fuentes's account of the leading characteristics of his native city is closed with a candid enumeration of "facts which show imperfect civilization." Still, on the whole, the facts and statistics to which he is able to point are such as to bespeak a highly creditable rate of progress, and to hold out high hopes for the future of the young Republic. The spirit of independence and the pluck recently manifested by the little State in face of the insolent aggression of the Mother-country has aroused a lively interest amongst the English public. The warm reception which surprised the Spanish fleet before the harbour of Callao showed that there was good metal in the composition of the somewhat soft and indolent Peruvian. When once his blood is up, the fear is lest the pugnacity inherent in every drop of his mixed nature should carry him into a whirl of quarrelling all round. While the dispute with Spain is far from being thoroughly settled, we find the little State on the point of risking its newborn independence and embryo prosperity in conflict on some microscopic ground of offence with its infantine neighbour Bolivia. We may hope that some means or other will yet be found for scattering a timely handful of diplomatic dust over these angry insects.

#### KRILOF'S FABLES.\*

JUST about a hundred years ago a boy was born at Moscow, the poverty of whose parents seemed likely to condemn him to a very humble career, but who was destined to become one of the best-known and most popular men in Russia. Ivan Andreievich Krilof was the son of an officer in the army who had married a wife as poor as himself, and who soon found that his pay as a captain of infantry was insufficient for the support of a family. Accordingly he had to retire from the military profession, and to accept a small post in the civil service at the town of Tver, and there the little Krilof passed his early years. When the boy was fourteen his father died, and he and his mother found themselves alone in the world. After struggling on for a time at Tver, they went to St. Petersburg, where the lad obtained a modest post in the Imperial Secretariat, and this he held until his mother died, when he resigned it in order to devote himself to literary pursuits. A little before his arrival at St. Petersburg a national theatre had been founded there, and he soon became intimate with the principal dramatist and the leading actor of the day. Before long he had composed two tragedies, but his dramatic friends pronounced such unfavourable opinions about them that he gave up writing plays for a time, and took to journalism. But of three papers which he started in succession not one outlived a year, and after the death of the third and last he betook himself once more to poetry and the drama. He wrote much, but it was not of any great value, for he had not yet discovered the path which was destined to lead him to fame. His next official post was that of Secretary to the Governor of Riga, who became so much attached to him that, at the end of three years, he invited him to come and live at his country-seat on the banks of the Volga. There Krilof remained till 1806, and to his stay there he owed much of that accurate knowledge of the inner life of the people which in after years rendered his sketches so truthful and so popular. On his return to St. Petersburg, he obtained a situation from which, in 1812, he was transferred to a comfortable post in the Imperial Library. Before that period he had become famous.

During a visit to Moscow, in 1806, he had made the acquaintance of Dmitrief, one of the leading poets of the day, who induced him to turn his attention to La Fontaine's fables. Up to that time the principal Russian fabulists had been Sumarokof, who merely imitated La Fontaine; Khemnitser who wrote short fables with elegance and purity, and with a tinge of Slavonic sadness about them; and Dmitrief himself, who had some of the requisites for his task, but was deficient in animation and originality. Krilof began by translating La Fontaine, and proceeded to imitate him, but he soon gave up following a model, and boldly set up an ideal of his own. Nearly forty years of his life had gone by before he discovered where his strength lay, but having once found out the work which suited him, he never deserted it until it had brought him in all that he cared for. From the time when his fables first began to be read, his life became one continuous success, and as it flowed tranquilly along, it bore with it the most flattering and substantial tokens of the love and respect of his countrymen. Everywhere throughout the Empire his works were received with enthusiasm. Not only by the higher classes, but by the lower also, his name was held in veneration, and readers or listeners of every age, from the youngest to the oldest, united in their appreciation of his merits. The child revelled in

the animal world into which it was introduced, the peasant delighted in the pictures of village life which brought his own friends before him, the merchant found food for endless laughter in the quaint tales so many of which satirized the weaknesses prevalent in his own narrow circle, and the man of education and refinement thoroughly enjoyed the keen sarcasm with which the follies and vices of the world of rank and fashion were dissected and laid bare. Year after year his fame increased, and meantime he was leading a very pleasant and careless life. When he felt inclined he read or wrote. His means were sufficiently ample, so that he was not compelled to fatigue his brain, which was the more fortunate for him inasmuch as he did not like hard work unless he felt in a humour for it. That he could be industrious when he chose is clear from the fact that at the age of fifty-one he acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, and at fifty-three of English. But, as a general rule, he was not addicted to long studies. His home life was independent and enjoyable. He had comfortable rooms in the Imperial Library, looking out on the great market-place, and in the summer time he enjoyed lounging at the open windows and listening to the voices of the people bargaining and chatting without. Through those same windows also came flocks of pigeons which he delighted to pet, and for whose benefit his floors were twice a day strewn with grain. Everything in the rooms was in the greatest disorder; the furniture covered with dust, the sofa on which he spent the greater part of the day, while smoking or playing the violin, old and worn and dirty, and the clothes which he wore always in rags. In vain did his friends send their tailors to him from time to time; his dress always remained discreditable. On one occasion, when going to Court, having put on an entirely new uniform, he prided himself not a little on his appearance, till it was pointed out to him that he had omitted to take the silver-paper wrappings off the buttons of his coat. He never could be induced to wear gloves, and he had a habit of putting any rag or article of dress which fell in his way into his pocket instead of his handkerchief, to be afterwards produced at table, to the astonishment of all beholders. Once he made a sudden change in the appearance of his rooms. Having acquired a considerable sum of money by the sale of some of his works, he spent it on furniture of the most magnificent description, filling his apartments with silken draperies and marble tables and splendid mirrors and costly porcelain. Nothing could be more charming, but a few days afterwards a friend arrived and found the gorgeous carpet strewn with corn which was being gobbled up by a swarm of pigeons, Krilof looking on tranquilly with cigar in hand. When any one entered, away flew the birds, upsetting glass and china on their way, and leaving copious traces of their stay behind. In a short time the apartments returned to their pristine state of squalor and confusion. In them he used to spend the greater part of the day, smoking, fiddling, or writing. He often dined at the English club, slept for a while afterwards, and then either remained there playing at cards or billiards, or went to one of the theatres. Before going to bed he invariably supped, and that largely, for to heavy feeding he was greatly addicted. Dining was to him no light matter, but a serious business of great weight, and eventually it was an over-indigestible repast which killed him. One famous and historic banquet he might well enjoy. On the 2nd of February, 1838, he attained his seventieth year, and his friends made the day a real festival for him. Three hundred of the most distinguished men in St. Petersburg dined together in his honour, and his reception by them, and by the ladies who thronged the galleries of the banquet hall and rained down flowers upon their children's friend, was of so flattering a nature that he might almost have thought, says his biographer, that he was assisting at his own apotheosis. After that day, probably from a fear of losing the high place attributed to him, he wrote no more. In 1840 he left the Imperial Library with a pension of nearly five hundred a year, and lived in comparative retirement for about four years. His death took place on November 9, 1844, and caused profound regret throughout Russia. At his funeral, which was solemnized at the expense of Government, his body was received at the church door by the Emperor himself, and was carried from the church by eight general officers, and a vast crowd, composed of all classes of society, attended the procession to the cemetery of St. Alexander Nevsky. Soon afterwards a national subscription, to which children eagerly contributed their share, was set on foot to raise a monument to his memory, and towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, who thoroughly appreciated his merits, his statue was placed in the Summer Garden at St. Petersburg. Dressed in his habitual easy garb, and holding a book in his hand, he sits there, serene and slightly smiling, while around the pedestal which supports his chair play troops of children to each of whom his name is a household word. For many a year to come Russia is likely to keep his memory green.

Krilof has been called the Russian La Fontaine, but, except in form, his apocryphes do not generally bear any great resemblance to those of his French predecessor. Many of them might rather be called anecdotes or epigrams than fables, and may afford pleasure to readers who cannot endure the zoological and botanical stock-in-trade of the ordinary fabulist. Krilof has not the easy humour, the charming *naïveté*, of La Fontaine; he is much more in earnest, his attacks are more savage, his sarcasm more trenchant. He seldom chuckles, and his laugh often grates on the ear. The abuses against which his voice was raised were, and still are, very serious matters for his country, and Krilof was a genuine patriot. His works are thoroughly national, and this is the main secret of

\* *Fables de Krilof, traduites en vers français par Charles Parfait.* Paris: H. Plon. 1867.



their great success. When a fable of his is read to any assemblage of Russians, no matter how uncultivated they may be, every eye begins to glisten, every face to light up. All can understand him, and all are interested in the subjects he chooses. His fables, as Gogol has said, are the common heritage of Russians, full of the popular wisdom, and capable of teaching a useful lesson to every class in the Empire. It is not easy to give in a few lines any idea of Krilof's merits, but all who wish may now judge for themselves if they will turn to the complete and faithful translation of his fables which M. Charles Parfait has lately published. It must have required no little industry and perseverance to produce the two hundred and eighty-four pages of verse which his book contains; and it is to be hoped that he will attain the end he desires, that of making his countrymen well acquainted with the works of the Russian fabulist. We hardly know which of the fables to quote as a specimen. There is the story, not a little applicable to many a proud patrician, of the geese which vaunt their merits, but on cross-examination are compelled to allow that, though their ancestors had saved Rome, they have done nothing meritorious themselves, and accordingly find their claims disallowed. There is the bit at learned men whose reputation is maintained at the cost of a secretary, contained in the description of an oracle whose renown fluctuated according to the ability of the priest who for the time being inspired its responses. And there are the two sketches of misers, called "The Poor Rich Man," and "Fortune and the Beggar," in one of which a poor man is given a purse in which he will always find money as long as he keeps it, but which he must throw away before he can spend that money. He soon becomes rich, but as he can never bring himself to throw the purse away, he lives and dies in as destitute a state as if he had never received the miraculous present. In the other story Fortune showers gold into a beggar's wallet, telling him that the money will become dust if it falls to the ground, and advising him therefore not to ask for too much. But, instead of taking the warning, he goes on asking for more till the wallet bursts, and the gold falling through disappears, leaving the beggar as poor as before. Then, again, there are several which refer to the relations between the ruler and the ruled in Russia, as, for instance, that in which the humble roots of a tree put in their modest claim to some of the advantages enjoyed by the flaunting and self-sufficient leaves; or the description of the peasants who go to complain to a mighty river of the manner in which they have been despoiled by its tributary streams, but return in despair when they reach its banks and see their property floating down its swollen tide; or that of the fish who are being fried by their governor, the Fox, just as their king, the Lion, goes by. The Lion, after putting some other questions, asks what makes the fish jump about in so strange a manner, to which the Fox replies that they are dancing for joy at the visit of their king. But we prefer to choose a specimen from among those which form little pictures of Russian popular life, such as the following conversation between three peasants, which may be rendered into literal prose as follows:—

"Good day, gossip Thaddeus!"

"Good day, gossip Egor!"

"Well, friend, how are you getting on?"

"Ah, gossip, I see you don't know of my misfortune; God has afflicted me. I have set my barn on fire, and lost all I had in the world."

"How so! a poor game to play, gossip!"

"Why, this is how it happened. We had a feast on Christmas Day. I went with a candle in my hand to feed the horses; I must confess something was buzzing in my head. Somehow or other I dropped the candle. I just managed to save myself, but my barn and all my things were burnt. Now, how about you?"

"Oh, Thaddeus, a bad business. God has been angry with me too, you know. You see I'm without feet. Upon my word I think it's a miracle I'm alive. I went into the cellar for some beer. It was on Christmas too, and I must admit that I'd been drinking a little with my friends. But to prevent my setting the house on fire in my cups, I didn't take any light with me. Well, the devil gave me such a shove down the steps in the dark that he did for me altogether, and now you see I'm a cripple."

"Blame yourselves, friends," said their kinsman Stefan. "To tell the truth, I don't see anything miraculous about one of you having set his house on fire, and the other having to go on crutches. A drunkard is in danger when he carries a light, and in more still when he goes in the dark."

In order to give an idea of the manner in which M. Parfait has done his work, we extract the story of the Man and his Shadow, which we have chosen more on account of its brevity than for its other merits:—

Un plaisant, pour saisir son ombre,  
Se donnait un jour grand tracass;  
Il fait un pas, deux pas, trois pas,  
Elle en fait aussi pareil nombre.  
Il court, et l'ombre court encore,  
Sans jamais céder ni se rendre:  
On dirait vraiment un trésor  
Qui ne veut pas se laisser prendre!  
Notre original, un beau jour,  
Mieux avisé, court en arrière,  
Et c'était l'ombre, alors moins fière,  
Qui poursuivait l'homme à son tour!

O femmes! parmi vous plus d'une...  
Eh bien, quoi? qu'allez-vous penser?  
Je ne veux pas vous dénoncer;  
Parlons plutôt... de la Fortune:  
La quinteuse a des fruits si doux,  
Que chacun veut mordre à sa grappe;  
Couvrez après; elle s'échappe;  
Tournez le dos: elle est chez vous!

#### DEER AND DEER-PARKS.\*

AT the first blush it might be assumed that, if there were any crop of literature that had been thoroughly threshed out, it must be the monography of that interesting quadruped, the deer. Space would fail us to enumerate the catalogue of jaunty octavos on deer and deer-killing by muscular middle-aged gentlemen with sporting sobriquets. But, as they say in serious circles, these authors have never gone to the root of the matter. They have written about and not upon the question, and have never mastered the idea of the deer as a social and æsthetic institution. It is just as if Parliamentary Reform had engendered a body of borough literature of which the authors were candidates and voters—full of midnight adventures in beer-house parlours, and glimpses of the Man in the Moon; while jurists and historians competent to deal with the legal aspects of the town constituencies kept in the background. Mr. Shirley, who has come forward to fill up the gap, is eminently suited for the self-imposed task, from his literary and antiquarian acquirements, and his strong predilection for everything which illustrates the history of the English country gentleman. In his own words:—

Although there were several treatises written during the middle ages on "the noble art of venerie and hunting" in which, perhaps, deer and deer-parks may be said to be comprehended, while in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many books were printed on the same subject, yet neither then, or at a later period, has, I believe, any work appeared which treats on the management of the fallow-deer, or professes to give any account of the numerous parks for which England has been so long distinguished from the other countries of Europe.

This circumstance must plead my excuse for attempting, what I fear has been very imperfectly performed, a sketch of the origin and history of deer-parks, and a list (for it is but little more) of most of these ancient and modern enclosures in the several English counties, with some few notes on the management of parks and deer at the present time.

The work may accordingly be divided into three parts. The first contains the general history of deer and deer-parks (especially those devoted to fallow-deer) in England down to the present time. The second travels over the forty counties of England, and contains archaeological and descriptive notices of the various deer-parks which have at various times existed in them, and a list of those actually to be found, of which Lord Abergavenny's wild and extensive park of Eridge, in Sussex, near Tunbridge Wells (tenanted both by red and fallow deer), seems to possess the proud distinction of being the only one which can be identified in Domesday Book. The third part treats of the practical management of deer and deer-parks.

There are obvious reasons for the omission of Scotland, whose deer forests, over which the red kind roams, differ in almost every respect from the parks of England, while the addition of Ireland might have unduly swelled the volume. But we are sorry that Wales—in which, as we can testify, fine deer-parks are found—should have been passed over. The sum total of Mr. Shirley's county lists of existing parks amounts to three hundred and twenty-three, and we have evidence that this is rather an under-statement. Yorkshire of course comes first, from its sheer bigness, with a quota of twenty-eight, of which half are in the West Riding; while of ordinarily-sized counties, Gloucester, by some accident, stands considerably ahead with a score of twenty-three. The most destitute counties contain a couple apiece—namely, the three smallest in area, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Middlesex (the last of which only reckons the two Royal parks of Bushy and Hampton Court), and those wide Northern regions of Cumberland and Northumberland in which, *a priori*, we should have expected to find the feudal institution in its fullest vigour. The extent of ground open to the deer in these various parks is of course very different, ranging from two thousand five hundred acres at Tatton in Cheshire, to eleven at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Mr. Shirley has omitted to notice the existence in a wild state of red deer on the wide moorland (if we may not almost call it mountain) district of Exmoor, on the confines of Somersetshire and Devonshire. Yet we apprehend that this solitary English "deer forest" is a better representative of the mediæval parks than many a trim lawn with its well-groomed and sharply-guarded herd of fallow-deer. In fact, the deer-park system of our own day differs in every respect from that of the times when tillage was the exception, and moor and forest the rule—when deer were sought for because the pot and the spit were craving for work, and Chief-Justices in Eyre exercised a jurisdiction almost co-ordinate with that of the King's own Bench. Hunting has been at all times, and with all races of men, in itself an amusement; but the amusement assumes a very different aspect when empty stomachs or a smoking board are the alternative which depends upon the huntsman's skill, and when, as nowadays, the worst that can befall the bungler is loss of credit and the retrenchment of a luxury. Perhaps the quaint print in Gascoign's *Book of Hunting*, published in 1575, which Mr. Shirley reproduces as his frontispiece, may be taken to symbolize deer-killing at its zenith. There we see, in the depths of a stately wood, a hunting picnic, of which the central figure is Queen Bess herself, not yet so very old, in a tall hat and feathers, such as we may one day expect, in a few years, to see replacing the present bonnet. Behind and before her stand the lords and ladies in waiting, in grim propriety; but at the side a party of jovial gentlemen squatted on the ground seem enjoying their meal in disregard of the august presence, while

\* Some Account of English Parks, with Notes on the Management of Deer. By Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1867.

two of the servants in front are combining to fathom a mighty leathern jack. Since that period two causes—one economic, and the other social—have co-operated in limiting the extension of deer-parks. The economic cause is the comparative unprofitableness of deer as an investment. We do not merely mean that a deer-park requires enormous fencing, and the trees unusual protection, to save their trunks and the underwood from destruction; but the droppings of the animal have the peculiarity of sterilizing, and not enriching, the soil. In fact, they are considered useless for any cultivation except orange-trees and geraniums, a fact which Mr. Shirley has omitted to notice. The visible result of this deficiency is that glorious growth of brake which is identified in the tourist's mind with antlered stag and skipping fawn. It is not that the deer foster brake, but that the deer-impooverished soil can often yield no other crop than fern. So the practical balance of good and bad in a deer-park may be summed up in the beauty of the animal, and of the fern, and the enjoyment of the venison—for the most part killed by the keeper—to be set against the financial deficiency which the value of the animals killed will probably represent when we consider the loss of rental, and the outgoings involved in the management and restraint of the herd. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the proprietors of parks should often prefer to devote their grass lands to those flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which, with a modicum of beauty—a very large one in the latter case—involve the minimum of expense in the fencing, and return to the possessor the full grazing value of the land which the landscape-gardener has laid out in lawn and glade.

Concurrently with the growth of a commercial appreciation of the value of land, other and easier methods than that of bringing down deer with a cross-bow presented themselves to country gentlemen for the gratification of the taste which Rogers summed up in the sentence, "It is a heavenly day; come, let us kill something." In the palmy days of the deer-park fire-arms had not yet been made subservient to the sportsman's hand, and the hawk came in to despatch those birds which the bow could not reach. It is certain that at some time after the opening of the last century shooting flying was a new and rare accomplishment, and that proficients in it were gaped at with stupid admiration. Will Wimple in the *Spectator* receives this credential of dignity and proficiency as a very master in sylvan art and craft. From shooting flying of course grew up the mystery of game preserving, till it attained its present development of a genteel trade in the Eastern counties; while, as if in cynical protest against the idea that the larder and the sport had anything in common, the squiredom of England undertook the preservation of the most stinking, mischievous, and useless of quadrupeds, with all the solemnity of a sacred rite. Finally the chivalrous Highlander loyally laid himself out to avenge 1715 and 1745 by many a hard bargain with southern Sassenachs over grouse moor and red deer forest.

Assailed by all these adverse influences, the old tradition of the park of fallow-deer necessarily lost its predominant hold on the mind of the English gentry; and that which was once the necessary appendage of a first-class country residence became a costly exception. It might, then, seem at first sight remarkable that England should still be able to boast of more than three hundred deer-parks; and the prophetic historian, if he happens to belong to the great Liberal party, will be apt to predict that they are a decaying institution. We do not share in this conviction, except as a forcible way of stating that, as many things more venerable and more important than deer-parks may now be in jeopardy, their downfall will probably involve that of the fallow-deer. But, supposing the framework of English society to hang together, the country will—we do not say to its advantage—become year after year more and more of a plutocracy. Money will be made in an ever-increasing ratio, and those who make it the quickest will more and more anxiously rack their brains how most luxuriously to lavish their superfluity out of doors as well as in their houses. This phenomenon has already manifested itself among the courtiers of the Lower French Empire, whose first financier recently died while writing to his friends upon his hunting experiences, and whose Imperial hunts at Compiègne and Fontainebleau are the admiration of the flunkeydom of Europe for their gorgeous extravagance. As the Emperor is to France, so will the stock-jobber be to England. It is necessarily unpalatable to the gentry of old lineage to see themselves outshone, in their houses, their gardens, and their parks, by the noblesse of Capel Court; but at all events the noblesse of Capel Court are not likely, in the pride of their new domains, to be the first of Englishmen to call for the introduction of the French law of inheritance. Accordingly, in the building up of new country places, along with the pinery and the conservatory and the pheasantry and the picture-gallery, the deer-park is not likely to be forgotten, especially as the market demand for venison seems destined to increase with the diffusion of railroads and the growth of wealth and ostentatious finery in London.

Anyhow we do not fear that either political changes or commercial manias will create another Conqueror to afforest any such large proportion of England as would affect the sustenance or the comfort of any perceptible fraction of its population; and so we heartily desire that the sweet sylvan beauty of the deer-park may never be a thing of the past. To those who share in this feeling we commend the pleasant reading which they will find condensed in Mr. Shirley's careful volume.

## LES FORCES PERDUES.\*

THIS is a novel with a moral, and it must be admitted that the moral is enforced with considerable power, if neither very agreeable nor one which is likely to be generally approved. It shows the skill, so common in French and so rare in English writers, of subordinating all details to throw a stronger light upon the central figure. The subsidiary characters are merely introduced with a view to their effect upon the hero; they act as a chorus, expressing the moral which the author wishes to impress upon us as helping on M. Horace Darglail in the career which he runs. When they have said their say, or given him the necessary impulse, they disappear from the scene with commendable quickness; there are none of those intrusive secondary personages whom an English writer generally thinks it necessary to introduce, apparently in case his chief actor should be a failure. The only rather irrelevant matter admitted is a certain amount of talk about Egypt, to which the hero is rather unnecessarily despatched, more, as it would seem, to prove to us that M. du Camp knows something about the Cataracts and the Blue and White Nile, than in obedience to the natural requirements of the story. We are not, however, unduly bored, even with the Pyramids or the systems of navigation in use upon the Nile, and we never for a moment forget that the development of Mr. Darglail's character is the main purpose of the book. The author enters the pages according to a convenient practice, as a friend of the hero, although in a very modest way; but the device serves to increase the illusion, and to make us believe for the moment that we are really listening to a *bona fide* narrative of the life of a young man of the day, told by one of his friends for the sake of the warning. That the warning is a useful one may be admitted, if we grant the truth of the picture; but unless human nature in France is more different from its counterpart in England than moralists are apt to suppose, we must say that this involves a very considerable concession. For the value of the warning depends partly upon the assumption that M. Darglail is a young man of average strength of mind; and the story, told barely, without the running accompaniment of comment which serves to disguise the improbabilities, will scarcely bear out the assumption.

In the preface we are very clearly informed what is the lesson that we are to learn. "In a time when old formulae are derided, and new ones not yet settled, it may be instructive," says M. du Camp, "to write the history of a man naturally honest and intelligent, who could only create for himself a painful and unenviable existence, solely because he lived in unsettled days, in the midst of a world which willingly sacrifices duty to pleasure and takes its interests for its principles." If honest and intelligent young men are inevitably driven to create for themselves such existences as that of the hero of *Les Forces Perdues*, we must admit that there is something extremely out of order in our social arrangements. The story of his life told briefly is as follows:—M. Darglail was an only son of a widow, with a fortune sufficient to make him independent. At a very early age he is initiated into the mysteries of life by falling in love with a coarse peasant girl, two or three years older than himself, with big dirty hands, sordid tastes, and a decided preference for an older and more muscular lover in her own rank of life. She plays the part of Miss Costigan to M. Darglail's Pendennis; and finally disgusts her lover, who offers her a present on his forced departure for the University, by asking him, after much reflection, for an umbrella. This original choice of a lover's present does a good deal to open M. Darglail's eyes, and he very soon loses the ingenuous simplicity of his early affections in the ordinary experiences of a Paris student. Still, however, there is a good substratum of romance in his character, and he goes about hoping for the grand passion which is to come to him some day and make him happy for life. In a few years the choice which is to determine his fate spontaneously presents itself. He is placed in the old predicament, between what Mr. Swinburne would call "the lilies and languors of virtue, and the roses and raptures of vice." He has a very good, sensible predilection for the virtues, which present themselves with certain agreeable accessories, and yet he has also the usual desire of the hero of a French novel for a good preliminary taste of the roses and raptures. Virtue comes to him in the shape of an amiable and beautiful cousin, whose father—his uncle—has made a fortune by honourable industry. The uncle asks for nothing better than to give him his daughter, and a share in his business. The daughter falls in love with him with the most touching frankness, kisses him in his sleep, and gives him a lock of her hair—all out of pure innocence and naïveté. It is true that the domestic happiness and comfort which is thus ready to drop into his mouth has one disadvantage, and, to a Frenchman, a not inconsiderable one. To accept it, he must settle on the banks of the Clyde, and take charge of certain steam-mills. However, M. du Camp is an admirer of many English characteristics, and does not appear to think that he is really imposing very severe conditions upon his hero. The uncle has settled in Scotland out of dislike to the constant interference of French officials with private affairs; and his daughter, from a previous residence in America, is free from that quality which, by an odd perversion of the English meaning of the term, our neighbours have resolved to call "cant." In short, the attractions of a virtuous life are so great as almost to decide M. Darglail. Unluckily, at the very critical moment when he has almost de-

\* *Les Forces Perdues*. Par Maxime du Camp. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1867.



ceded to abandon the empty pleasures of fashionable life at Paris, she falls into the hands of a siren. She is a very attractive siren, with the correct auburn hair and graceful manners of most sirens in modern novels. Her husband lives in some remote colony, and she has as good a character as is desirable. The hero, at any rate, falls unreservedly into her toils, and for seven years they keep up a connexion which begins with the most passionate attachment on both sides. After a time, however, the Nemesis comes gradually into action. The lady and gentleman find that they have exhausted each other, that they have very little more to say, and that a passion is not sufficient to support itself. They were like a lake, we are told, which is nourished by no stream and dries up by simple evaporation; and we are treated to some psychological remarks, of which the plain English appears to be that they became tired of each other, took to quarrelling, and, after a good deal of causeless jealousy, decided to part.

Having got rid of his siren, there seems to be no very good reason why M. Darglail should not have reformed, or at any rate taken up some new interest to keep himself going. Unfortunately this honest and intelligent young man could not manage it. He could neither live with his mistress nor without her; when he was away from her he could think of nothing else, and when he was with her they quarrelled worse than ever. The remainder of the book is an account of his efforts to find some distraction, and his gradual decline to lower depths of indolence and indifference. His first plan was to go and seduce his cousin, who had meanwhile married an exemplary Scotchman named characteristically Pol Mac Sperfield. However, on seeing Mrs. Pol Mac Sperfield's happiness, he was kind enough to abandon this idea. Then he took to collecting china, and afterwards books, and not unnaturally found those amusements dull after a time. He next tried the effect of travelling, which for a while answered a little better. Accidentally, however, he was thrown into company with an English lady whose character was several degrees below that of the siren; and, after some reflection, agreed to join her in the promising scheme of keeping house at the first cataract of the Nile. This, too, became wearisome after a year or so, when all other subjects of conversation had been exhausted; and M. Darglail took to talking about nothing but the before-mentioned siren, whilst Juliette talked about nothing but a certain Sir John who had been in a similar relation to her. A travelling compatriot fortunately took off Juliette when she had become perfectly intolerable, and M. Darglail was then reduced to shooting hippopotamuses—a pursuit in which he showed far more ardour than in any of his previous amusements. He gave every promise of becoming a second Gordon Cumming, if not a second Sir Samuel Baker, when he unluckily died of a fever. In his last letter to his friend, he had still sufficient strength to write an epitaph for himself, as follows:—Born at Paris, died at Gondokoro; he loved too much in his native country, he shot too many hippopotamuses in the White Nile, *et obit*. We may add that this seems to be a very pithy and impartial summary of his story.

And now for the moral. If it were to be written in the fashion set in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, it might run something to this effect. Don't live with a beautiful mistress instead of marrying an equally beautiful girl with a large fortune; if you do, don't quarrel causelessly with your mistress; if you must quarrel with her, try to forget her, instead of mooning uselessly about her ever afterwards; finally, if you must moon, don't do it on the White Nile, or you will very likely catch a fever which will cure you of any taste for hippopotamus shooting. These would be unimpeachable bits of advice, but there remains the further question whether they are specially needed at the present time. According to M. du Camp, the disease of which his hero languishes is a common one, or at least it is one likely to be generated in certain temperaments by the social atmosphere of the day. Old opinions have lost their binding power, but old prejudices survive when their justification is gone. The privileges of the French aristocracy have vanished, and with them much of the spirit which once imbued the aristocracy with real power and vitality; but there still remains a contempt for work, an opinion that a man is more dishonoured by a useless trade than by idleness, and that, if he must in some way earn his living, he is less dishonoured by gambling than by setting up a manufactory. Hence many of our youth consume their time in a frivolous attempt to secure pleasure by idle dissipation, and turn up their noses at simple domestic happiness. If they are a little better than the general run, their very virtues may lead to their ruin. They may be disgusted with the coarse pleasures of their companions, only to waste their lives in a more refined but equally purposeless chase of excitement. And further, these evils are specially remarkable in France by the more complete dissolution of ancient formule, and, as M. du Camp apparently thinks, by the inferior development of individual energy, which leads men rather to hanker after Government employment than to set to work to make a position for themselves. It is obviously impossible to examine here into the accuracy of this portrait. Considered from the artistic point of view, we think that M. du Camp has fallen into the common error of making his hero a little too susceptible to the vices which he is intended to illustrate. It requires such a singular combination of qualities to fall into M. Darglail's peculiar misfortunes, that we can only set him down as a rare exception at any period. That a man should be too delicate in his tastes for the grosser vices and yet incapable of a virtuous life, that he should love a woman passionately and yet quarrel with her incurably out of simple weariness, that he should be of con-

siderable intellectual power and yet unable to settle down to any intellectual pursuit—all these combinations require a peculiar infelicity which, to say the least of it, must be rare. That there are such specimens of morbid humanity may be granted, and M. Darglail has shown how their faults may be stimulated by some of our present social conditions. But the case is altogether too exceptional to be useful as a warning. Grosser natures would console themselves more easily for such misfortunes, and elevated ones would avoid the errors and weaknesses which led to them. As a simple study of a feeble nature, and putting the moral aside, the story is interesting, and occasionally even affecting; but M. Darglail should have stopped short of hippopotamus-hunting.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE publication of the posthumous works of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian\* is as much the literary event of the day in Germany as the corresponding publication of the Prince Consort's memoirs is in England. As even the four volumes already published merely comprise notes of travel, made when the late Emperor was about twenty years of age, the insight afforded into his character must of necessity be incomplete. Enough, however, is before us to justify the estimate which has been usually formed of his disposition and abilities. No man, it is manifest, could possibly be more qualified by his virtues and accomplishments to adorn a private station. If the literary value of these remains appears more questionable, it must in fairness be remembered that they are the production of a mere youth. Regarded as such, they must be pronounced very remarkable. Very few young men indeed would be capable of writing with such elegance and taste, or would command equal stores of knowledge, at so immature an age. It is evident that the prince's education must have been most carefully attended to, and that the results must have been eminently satisfactory to his instructors; yet there is another point of view which should not be overlooked. We should have been better pleased to have encountered more crudity and immaturity, more genial extravagance, stronger symptoms of the high spirits natural to youth—more, in short, of the healthy fermentation without which good wine cannot be made. The only indication of this desirable effervescence is a somewhat overstrained tone of poetical sentiment, especially when religious matters are referred to. On the whole, we are forced to the conclusion that Maximilian was by no means a man of action, and that, when he allowed himself to be persuaded into attempting to govern the Mexicans, he greatly mistook either his own character or theirs. At the same time, the fact of an Austrian prince having so far emancipated himself from absolutism in politics and intolerance in religion is conclusive proof, if not of decided strength of intellect, at least of an equity and candour even more remarkable. The travels to which these sketches refer were performed in Italy, Spain, Algeria, Albania, and Madeira, most of which countries he visited in the capacity of an officer of the Austrian navy. There are ample evidences of a natural gift for observation, and a lively susceptibility to impressions; but it would, of course, be in vain to look for much novel information respecting countries so frequently visited, and seen by Maximilian under the disadvantages of a prince whose movements are fettered by retinue and etiquette.

Dr. Lorentz†, who died in 1861, was a Professor of History at St. Petersburg, but his work was composed after he had quitted his post. The discretion acquired by a long course of lecturing under a jealous censorship may perhaps account for the extremely calm and passionless character of this summary of a very exciting period of history. The merit is further enhanced by the writer's singular power of condensation and great perspicuity, which convince us that the Russian youth who attended his classes were fortunate in their instructor. The work may be recommended to all who are desirous of obtaining, with little trouble, a sound practical knowledge of the history of their own times.

"Four Letters of a South German"‡ are written in the Prussian interest, and unmercifully ridicule the idea of the South German States setting up on their own account. There is reason to believe that the writer is a tolerably faithful exponent of the popular sentiment on this subject, but the tone of his pamphlet is not of itself such as to entitle him to much credit or respect.

The last published part of Böhmer's selection of public Imperial documents§ includes records of this description from 1274 to 1398, with an appendix of others of earlier date. Many are of great interest. The Latin language seems to have been universally employed in them until 1315, when German makes its appearance, and soon supersedes Latin to a great extent. The German of this period is far more intelligible to a modern reader than French or English of the same date.

\* *Aus seinem Leben. Reiseskizzen, Aphorismen, Gedichte.* Bde. 1—4. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

† *Neueste Geschichte, von den Wiener Verträgen bis zum Frieden von Paris.* Von F. Lorentz. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Vier Briefe eines Süddeutschen an den Verfasser der "Vier Fragen eines Ostpreussen."* Von K. Braun. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Acta Imperii Selecta. Urkunden deutscher Könige und Kaiser, mit einem Anhang von Reichsachen.* Gesammelt von J. F. Böhmer; herausgegeben aus seinem Nachlasse. Hft. 2, Lief. 1. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Asher & Co.

The *Chronicles of Matthias of Neuenburg*\* extend from 1274 to the middle of the following century. They chiefly refer to Swiss affairs, but contain many notices of the contemporary history of the German Empire, and some curious anecdotes of Rodolf of Hapsburg. The writer's style is clear, and he seems to have been a man of information for his age.

The third volume of Dr. Bastian's† travels in Eastern Asia greatly increases the obligations under which he has already laid us by his description of the Birman Empire. Taken together, the three volumes constitute a colossal work, the record of extraordinary exertions, and of a diligence and erudition more extraordinary still. Like its predecessors, this volume is rather a treatise on the religion and the social organization of the people it describes than a record of personal adventure. Sir John Bowring has already made us well acquainted with whatever in Siam is likely to challenge the attention of the ordinary traveller; but the peculiar mission of Dr. Bastian requires such habits of thought, and such preliminary acquaintance with the philosophy and religion of Europe, as few travellers can reasonably be expected to possess. His work is valuable, not only for the immense store of information respecting the Buddhist religion which it contains, but for the copiousness and felicity with which this is illustrated by continual reference to the parallel opinions and practices of the West. Dr. Bastian is his own commentator, and does for himself what critics at home must do for the generality of travellers. This erudition is peculiarly valuable in his case, as the Buddhist religion is chiefly interesting on account of the marvellous analogy it offers to theological and philosophical systems much nearer home. In its origin it may not incorrectly be described as the Protestantism of India, for it was a revolt against a more ancient creed whose primitive simplicity had been lost. In process of time, however, it has become developed into a system whose remarkable resemblance to Roman Catholicism has been most unreservedly admitted by the Roman Catholic missionaries. These worthy men readily accounted for the phenomenon by imputing it to the machinations of the evil spirit; more philosophical inquirers will see in it another proof of the affinity of the Indian and European. Dr. Bastian enunciates no theories on these topics, but his remarks and illustrations are extremely suggestive. His personal experiences, and his delineations of the more secular aspects of Siamese society, are also very spirited; and on the whole the volume is far more manageable, and exhibits less of the appearance of a luxuriant jungle of information, than its predecessors. It is accompanied by a beautiful map by Kiepert, and an essay from his pen on the geography of Indo-China.

Dr. Von Scherzer's‡ statistical and commercial supplement to the well-known *Voyage of the Novara* is one of the most surprising productions even of German industry. It is nothing less than an exhaustive account of the commerce, industry, products, and other statistics of all the countries on whose shores the *Novara* touched during her two years' voyage round the world. To give some idea of its comprehensiveness, we may mention that it contains statistics of the yield of the copper-mines of Namaqualand, of the cinnamon plantations of Ceylon, of the silk trade of Shanghai, of the newspaper press on the isthmus of Panama, and of all the substitutes for tea that have ever been employed in any corner of the earth. Dr. Von Scherzer's professional pursuits have, indeed, led him to devote special attention to botany and the *materia medica*, and his work is remarkably full of details relating to these branches of knowledge. Having come so much into contact with English merchants and settlers, his work is also rich in information of especial interest to ourselves. In fact, however, there are few to whom some chapter or other of his volume would not prove useful and interesting, while its Oriental character, the exotic nature of the objects it enumerates, and the associations connected with their very names, render it, paradoxically enough, almost more interesting to the general reader than to the collator of statistical details.

Another important statistical work is Dr. Wiss's§ synopsis of the commerce and agriculture of the United States, viewed in connexion with the development of the railway system. The compiler's especial object is to establish the influence of railroads in promoting national wealth—a fact of which America, where everything is on a colossal scale, naturally supplies the most striking illustrations. The eloquence of his statistics is certainly unanswerable; it seems impossible to overrate either the resources of the country or the energy of the inhabitants. As a *ci-devant* United States Consul, Dr. Wiss may not have thought it becoming to enlarge upon the reverse of his glowing picture—the excessive national and local taxation, the depreciated currency, and the violent fluctuations of commerce and politics. But, so far as it goes, his volume undoubtedly presents a most interesting and valuable mass of information, and is of especial interest as respects

the statistics of railways whose securities are largely held in Europe.

Dr. Hallier's\* work on cholera details a series of experiments which have led him to the conclusion that the disease is of vegetable origin, and occasioned by the growth of a fungus in the intestines. Plates of the noxious parasite are given, and the author, whose language is that of a thoughtful and circumspect experimentalist, appears convinced of the truth of his discovery, which he says was originally made in 1849 by three English physicians. He declines to pronounce as to the supposed contagious character of the disorder.

Ritter's "Philosophical Paradoxes"† consists of a series of essays on those results of philosophical speculation which at first appear inconsistent with ordinary experience, with an attempt to point out how they may be reconciled to the latter. There is much originality and ingenuity in these essays, which are further recommended by a perspicuous style.

Dr. Schulze's‡ learned and well-written work on the public law of Germany is rather historical than strictly legal in its character, and is consequently more interesting to the general reader than would have been inferred from the title. The most important portion is that devoted to the detail of recent changes, especially the constitution of the North German Confederacy.

We must plead guilty to not having previously heard of Alban Stolz, but, from his autobiography§, he would appear to be a popular Roman Catholic writer, and even to exercise considerable influence in the south of Germany. The work before us is one which it would be extremely easy to turn into ridicule, which indeed must sometimes provoke the most serious reader to a smile, but which is nevertheless in the main deserving of respectful treatment and a certain amount of sympathy. It is the autobiography of a spiritual hypochondriac—a devout and tender soul, but instability and inconsistency personified, who is never in the same mind for two days together, and is continually falling out with himself for no discoverable cause. The candour and minuteness of the author's self-analysis render his confessions valuable as a study in morbid spiritual anatomy, and we commend them to the attention of all who are interested in such researches. Everything breathes a most amiable and affectionate spirit, and the rapid alternations of the writer's moods, perplexing as they may appear to persons of more robust mental organization, are at all events less oppressive to the reader than the distressing monotony of such revelations of wretchedness as the diaries of Eugénie de Guérin.

The life of Lappenberg|| should be interesting to Englishmen, from the great services he has rendered to our history. We now learn that he has further claims upon our attention as a long resident in Scotland, the friend of Wordsworth and the Wilsons, and a hearty sympathizer with all things English. The romance of his life is indeed connected with Scotland—a romantic attachment, very ill repaid. Returned to Germany, after a few years of painful effervescence, he settled down to the historical studies which have made his name celebrated, and died in 1865. Dry as his literary labours were, the cast of his mind seems to have been eminently tender, sentimental, and poetical. His enthusiastic admiration for Wordsworth, so little appreciated on the Continent, verified Goethe's saying that the poet can only be understood in his own country. Something of the romantic element in his composition seems to have affected his biographer, whose work, though not too long, is far too highflown in sentiment and magniloquent in expression.

The life of Beethoven¶ is a subject of which the world seems never to tire, so numerous and important are the contributions made to it almost annually. Herr Nohl, known as a high authority on music in general, and as the biographer of Mozart in particular, is probably as well qualified for the task as any living man, unless it be the American Thayer, whose work we noticed some time since, and whose extraordinary diligence and knowledge of the subject are amply recognised by Nohl himself. The principal claim of the latter would seem to consist in his more elaborate investigation of the history of Beethoven's youth, which he considers to have been comparatively neglected by his predecessors, and which is certainly much less known than the painful history of the composer's latter days. He has collected a vast amount of detail, little of which can be regarded as irrelevant; his style is clear and fluent, the leading circumstances are ably narrated, the illustrations judiciously introduced, the biographer's own observations sensible and appropriate; and, on the whole, whether destined to be ultimately superseded by Thayer's or not, it cannot be doubted that this *Life of Beethoven* will obtain a large and deserved measure of success. The two volumes now published bring the work down to 1814.

\* *Das Cholera-Contagium; Botanische Untersuchungen.* Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

† *Philosophische Paradoxa.* Von Heinrich Ritter. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Einleitung in das Deutsche Staatsrecht, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Krisis des Jahres 1866 und der Gründung des Norddeutschen Bundes.* Von Dr. H. Schulze. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Witterungen der Seele.* Von Alban Stolz. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Johann Martin Lappenberg.* Eine biographische Schilderung. Von E. H. Meyer. Hamburg: Mauke. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Beethoven's Leben.* Von Ludwig Nohl. Bde. 1-2. Leipzig: Göttsche. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Die Chronik des Matthias von Neuenburg.* Herausgegeben von G. Studer. Zurich: Höhr. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Völker des Oestlichen Asien.* Bd. 3. *Reisen in Siam im Jahre 1863.* Von Dr. Adolf Bastian. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Statistisch-commercielle Ergebnisse einer Reise um die Erde, unternommen an Bord der österreichischen Fregatte Novara, in den Jahren 1857-1859.* Von Dr. K. von Scherzer. Zweite verbesserte und ergänzte Auflage. Leipzig und Wien: Brockhaus.

§ *Das Gesetz der Bevölkerung und die Eisenbahnen. Eine volkswirtschaftliche und statistische Untersuchung, geführt auf dem Terrain der Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.* Von Dr. G. E. Wiss. Berlin: Herbig. London: Asher & Co.



The German Dante Society\* is a corresponding institution to the Shakespeare Society, and, like that body, proposes to publish annually a volume devoted to the illustration of its favourite poet. The number of admirers and students of Dante is so great that it may be confidently prognosticated that materials will not be wanting. Only one of the essays in this volume is of much compass or pretension; it is that by Dr. Abegg, on the idea of justice in the Divine Comedy. The rest are chiefly devoted to the elucidation of minor but curious subjects of speculation, such as the identity of him *che fece per villate il gran rifiuto*. Another paper, by Kertbeny, discusses the translations and imitations of Dante in the Hungarian language. A specimen is given, and we have also examples of versions in Catalan and Romaine.

Herr Kissner† examines the relation of Chaucer to the Italian poets, and arrives at the conclusion that he was in great measure indebted for his surpassing excellence to the study of their writings. He was by nature a great poet, but it was from the Italians that he learned to be at the same time a great artist.

Professor Zacher‡ has written a curious and interesting essay on the gradual formation of the romance of Alexander the Great, so popular in the middle ages.

Herr Hotho§ is a great authority on art, and his history of Christian painting exhibits him further in the light of an able author, possessed of ample knowledge and philosophic insight. This first volume extends from the origin of Christian art to the middle of the thirteenth century; and is, consequently, more interesting to the archaeologist than to the artist. The writer, however, understands well how to relieve the aridity of his theme by historical details and judicious reflections, which seem to spring naturally out of the subject. The chapter on the Byzantine and Ravenna mosaics is especially interesting.

The author of an elaborate essay on the Pentathlon of the Greek games|| examines the hypotheses of Böckh and Hermann, and proposes one of his own. The subject is very abstruse, mainly depending upon the correct interpretation of Pindar, the most difficult of authors.

A new edition of the Odyssey by J. La Roche¶ is recommended by the clearness and beauty of the type, and the convenient brevity of the annotations, which are entirely critical. Several pages of critical prolegomena are prefixed, which include a notice and classification of the principal MSS., eleven facsimiles from which are given. Mr. Teubner has also published handsome editions of Herodianus Technicus\*\*, and of three of the principal Latin grammarians.††

\* *Jahrbuch der deutschen Dante-Gesellschaft*. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Chaucer in seinen Beziehungen zur Italienischen Literatur*. Von A. Kissner. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Pseudocallisthenes. Forschungen zur Kritik und Geschichte der ältesten Aufzeichnung der Alexandererzählung*. Von J. Zacher. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

§ *Geschichte der Christlichen Malerei in ihrem Entwicklungsgang*. Von H. G. Hotho. Lief. 1. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Über den Fünfkampf der Hellenen*. Von Dr. G. Pinder. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Homeri Odyssea. Ad fidem librorum optimorum editit* J. La Roche. Lipsie: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Herodiani Technici Reliquias collegit disposuit emendavit explicavit*. prefatus est A. Lentz. Lipsie: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Grammatici Latini ex recensione* H. Keller. Vol. v. Fasc. 1. Lipsie: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Professor T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on this Subject on Monday, October 21, at Three p.m.; and will Lecture on succeeding Thursdays and Mondays at the same hour.

The First Part of the Course will consist of Ten Lectures; Fee, 21 lbs. 6d. The Second Part of the Course will begin in March, and will include Fifteen Lectures; Fee, 23 lbs. 6d. Fee for the whole Course, 45 lbs.

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Prospectuses, containing further information and the Regulations relating to the Scholarship, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

October 1867.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will commence on Monday, November 4, 1867. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c. &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar" 1867-8, published by Messrs. MACLELLAN & SEXTON, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s. 6d. per post, 3s. 10d.

September 1867.

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EVENING LECTURES at the ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street.—Professor HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S., will commence a COURSE of TEN LECTURES on INVERTEBRATE ANIMALS, on Tuesday next, October 22, at Eight o'clock; to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, and terminating on Friday Evening, December 20.—Tickets, for the whole Course, price 2s. 6d.; per post, 3s. 10d.

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The SENIOR TERM begins November 1.

The JUNIOR HALF-TERM begins November 2.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application to the Lady Rector.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners on March 31, and following days. The Competition will be open to all natural born Subjects of His Majesty who on the 1st of March next (1868) shall be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age, and of good Health and Character.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION of MARCH 1868.—COPIES of the REGULATIONS may be had upon application to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, &c. &c.

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In the following Plates I have gathered together as great a variety of these new styles of Ornament as I have come within my reach, and I trust that no important phase of this art has escaped me.

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I venture to hope that the publication of these types of a style of ornament hitherto little known will be found, by all those in the practice of Ornamental Art, a valuable and instructive aid in building up what we all seek—the progressive development of the forms of the past, founded on the eternal principles which all good forms of Art display.

We have long been familiar with the power of the Chinese to balance colour, but we were not so well acquainted with their power of treating purely ornamental or conventional forms, and in the chapter in "The Grammar of Ornament" on Chinese Ornament I was left, from my then knowledge, to express the opinion that the Chinese had not the power of dealing with the School of Art existed in China of a very important kind. We are led to think that this art must in some way have had a foreign origin; it so nearly resembles, in all its principles, the art of the Mohammedan races, that we may presume it was derived from them. It would be no difficult task to take a work of ornament of this class, and, by simply varying the colouring and correcting the drawing, convert it into an Indian or Persian composition. There is of course, in all these works, something essentially Chinese in the mode of rendering the idea, but the original idea is evidently Mohammedan.

The Moors of the present day decorate their pottery under the same instinct, and follow the same laws as the Chinese obeyed in their beautiful enamelled vases. What is peculiar to the Chinese, especially in their large enamelled objects, is the large relative size of the patterns, flowers which mark the triangulation of the areas; and it will be seen throughout the plates how cleverly this apparent disproportion of the principal points of the composition is got over by the detail on the surface of the flower, so that the desirable evenness of the tint is preserved. In the Chinese ornamentation, triangulation is the main feature; the geometrical arrangement is absolute and undisturbed, but softened by a free treatment of the intermediate spaces left by the triangulation.

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